THE ARYAN PATH

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September 1968

EDITORIAL REPRINT from B. P. WADIA

A True International State

LEWIS HULL

The Two-Edged Sword

S. E. BOWEN

Maria Bronte and a Puzzle Resolved

G. SRIRAMAMURTHY

The Poetry of Shankara:
Saundaryalahari

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Modern Burmese Poetry

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

Vol XXXIX SEPTEMBER 1968 No. 9

B. P. WADIA

A True International State

[In our August issue we reprinted a portion from the late Shri B. P. Wadia's paper on "Will the Soul of Europe Return?" We reprint below a further part from the same paper in which he sketched out some of the conditions on which internationalism and the international state would not only be possible but flower wholesomely.—ED.]

THE INTERNATIONAL STATE cannot arise all at once. It will take a long term of years; we are only in the throes of birth and feel its pangs. Every concept in the world above takes a period to manifest itself in the world below. In the world below, human will, being divine in essence and therefore free, often wars against that manifesting process, spoils it, and even kills it. Have we not heard how even a Manu had to destroy a whole race because it did not reproduce the heavenly pattern? Therefore, what we have to achieve is to harness the power of human will and its dependents and co-adjutants, to help this manifesting process. The archetypal currents throw down their constituent factors to be gathered up and arranged; they function and therefore require a vehicle for themselves; they require organization. We, in the world below, provide that organization, and, not understanding, often create faulty, inadequate, or deformed organization. Thus we work in harmony with or frustrate the efforts of the Gods. Function and organization are interdependent and affect each other and, therefore, a co-operation between those who function and those who organize becomes necessary.

In our new civilization, new organizations must be created, and already our people are creating them; but lack of knowledge, non-understanding of fundamentals, absence of spiritual impulses and right instincts, push us into building faulty, inadequate, or deformed institutions. We are at this hour creating organizations or are planning them. In either case we

are apt to go wrong unless the principles of future growth are thoroughly understood. For example, take the League of Nations. An International State cannot function without an international organization. To build up the latter we must have the right conception of the International State. The present League of Nations is built without this right understanding, without this right conception. As a matter of fact it is not a true international organization. It is a League of *some* Nations; nay, it is a League of some representatives of some Nations; nay, it is a League of some representatives of doubtful status of some Nations. It has rightly been called "a League of States"; Dr. Rabindranath Tagore has given its other phase by naming it "a League of Robbers." The idea is all right: the heavenly projection has functioned and inspired some noble minds to conceive of it; but what a deformed, what an inadequate vehicle! And why is it so? Because the old fossils of a lost continent of Materialism are hugging their dead, and are endeavouring to carry the corpses into the region of the new life. Contamination, caste-confusion, if you like, must result. These old-world leaders, actuated by old-world ideas and motives, are blind to the spiritual signs in the heavens of today. Propelled by their old-world Karma, like the Egyptians of one period, these people want to live in and through their old mummies. Thoroughly identified with their houses of flesh, they are so proud of their bodies that they would like to walk the earth in those embalmed mummies! Let us hope Nature in this instance will prove stronger than Nurture!

First, then, must come an international organization. We must first work for a real League of Nations — all Nations, great as well as small (geographically small nations are often culturally very strong, and *vice versa*), victorious as well as vanquished (militarily victorious are generally spiritually vanquished, and material defeat often becomes spiritual victory), the White as also the Yellow and the Black (Aryans, including Brown, and the Atlantean and Lemurian branches absorbing themselves into the Aryan).[1] But this means an altogether different code of international ethics — first in Europe, and then in the world. Europe must enforce the laws of the new ethics. The ethics of Nationalism applied to the fresh

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[1] H.P.B. quotes Lefevre : "the time is drawing near when there will remain nothing but three great human types," and adds "(before the sixth Root-race dawns) the white (Aryan fifth Root-race), the Yellow and the African Negro—with their crossings (Atlanto-European divisions). Red-skins, Eskimos, Papuans, Australians, Polynesians, etc., etc.—all are dying out. Those who realize that every root-race runs through a gamut of seven sub-races with seven branchlets, etc., will understand the 'why.' The tide-wave of incarnating Egos has rolled past them to harvest experience in more developed and less senile stocks; and their extinction is hence a Karmic necessity." (*The Secret Doctrine*, II. 780)

beginnings of an International State will bring forth chaos. We shall have to copy Nature's International expressions and not her National expressions. However different the flora of many climes, the same green beautifies them the world over. However different the fauna of many lands, the same blood flows in them all. The same blue sky arches over the one mother earth. Is the grass which grows in France green and in Germany red? Do we breathe air in Austria and Turkey, and something different in Belgium and Britain? There come to mind the noble lines of the French Lamartine:—

Et pourquoi nous haïr et mettre entre les races
Ces bornes ou ces eaux qu'abhorre l'œil de Dieu?
De frontières au ciel voyez-vous quelques traces?
Sa voûte a-t-elle un mur, une borne, un milieu?
Nations, mot pompeux pour dire barbarie
L'amour s'arrête-t-il ou s'arrêtent vos pas?
Déchirez ces drapeaux, une autre voix vous crie.
"L'egoisme et la haine ont seuls une patrie
La Fraternité n'en pas."

(*Recueillements Poétiques*:
"La Marseillaise de la Paix")

(And why do we hate and put between the races
These limits and these waters that the eye of God abhors?
Do you see any trace of frontiers in the sky?
Has its dome a wall, a limit, a middle?
Nations — a pompous word for barbarousness.
Does Love stop where your feet stop?
Destroy these flags, another voice proclaims.
"Egoism and hatred alone boast a fatherland.
Fraternity has none.")

There is a tendency to perpetuate the hate-emotion of effete Nationalism, and that strikes at the very root of the new plant. The foundations of the International State cannot be nationalistic. The so-called victorious peoples want to lay the foundations of the new Race of international proportions in terms of their own nationalistic ideas. They forget that those who stand for such views are the defeated of every nation. The Kaiser and his Prussian Junkers are defeated, but those who are now building New Germany on international plans are the victors. On the other hand some of those men in Britain and France who "won the war" are now making their countries lose the true victories. What is necessary, therefore, is to estimate the victories and defeats of the war differently; let it be done in the coin of Internationalism, and not in the broken currency of Nations.

If a real organization responding adequately and wholly and healthily to the function of true Internationalism is to be created, then we must view the factors of war and its issues very differently. With a single eye to the future stability and well-being of the International State we should proceed to apportion not the blame for past folly, but the responsibility for the future progress of the Race as a whole. An International State, harmonious in its structure, cannot be founded on prejudice, enmity, and hatred. It must be established on the basis of co-operation; and that not only by forcing others to co-operate with us, but also by ourselves working at it, earnestly and sincerely. An aristocracy of nobility cannot flower from the seeds of egotism and arrogance, fed by the waters of vanity and the atmosphere of assumed superiority. Let us start by putting away the false notions of victors and vanquished. All Europe is vanquished: Europe which boasted of its Christian instincts and showed itself obsessed by "madness risen from hell," to quote Swinburne's words. What animal passion has it not shown? *All of us* are vanquished inasmuch as our Race has failed to fight humanely, chivalrously, or honestly — nay, failed inasmuch as we have thought it necessary to fly at each others' throats. But all of us are victors too. ... Therefore, in a spirit of humility, remembering that not a single nation is altogether free of the crimes it condemns in other nations, and that not one single nation is devoid of fine qualities, let us come together for the common good of all. ...

The International State must aim at affording the greatest possible opportunity for self-expression. Of whom? Of the individual in the first place; of the individual as a citizen of his country and nation in the second place; of the individual as an internationalist and a humanitarian in the third place. This implies individual Liberty in the first place, self-government in the second place, and lastly Altruism in the third. Liberty of the individual implies its extension in civic, political, and international affairs. Self-government implies masterhood not only of hearth and homes and votes in national concerns, but actual participation in the government of the country and the nation; the individual in Europe must be brought to take the same interest in national affairs as he has to take in his home affairs. He builds his home, he preserves it and improves it by the capacity to earn and to love; the same must be made to obtain, through some process, in the citizen's relationship to his country and nation. Lastly, Altruism, not of charity by the rich towards the poor, of the stronger, man or nation, towards the weaker, but the true Altruism where poverty and weakness do not exist as such; this does not mean that now or ever there will not be some members of the human kingdom stronger in body or mind than others, or again some will not be financially or intellectually better off than others. It means that in the International

State the weakness of a small nation in the sphere of physical prowess, and in the province of numbers, will not be taken advantage of by numerically stronger peoples. Bullies are not respected in polite society today, and we must cease to respect their manifestation in international affairs. Every nation has its message for the common good of all, and true Altruism lies in our endeavour to live our lives in terms of our own dharma and to leave and enable others to do likewise for themselves. The corporate life in the Nationalistic State has grown to fine stature already, and we have to begin to manifest its higher phases in the International State. Just as the capacity, refinement, and well-being of a family depend on the variety of expression in its individual members; just as the strength of a nation lies not only in the well-being of one of its classes, but on all its parts functioning in harmony; so also the stability of the International State will be in this real Altruism, with its key-word of self-expression. Self-determination implies capacity to determine one's environment in light of the requirements of one's self. Such a determination, to be real, must accompany self-expression, and these two complementary factors are to be found in true altruism. Not an effort to save other people's souls, but an honest and earnest endeavour to express the powers of one's own, and *thus* helping others to follow suit, constitutes true Altruism. Every nation has its mission to fulfil, and by this process of real Altruism, every nation can attain it. In the International State every nation should speak eloquently its message of life for all. No land is so poor as not to be able to give its message and fulfil its mission; no land is so rich that it can afford to lose the meaning and import of such messages from sister countries.

B. P. WADIA

THE ULTIMATE ORIGIN or beginning of man is not to be discovered, although we may know when and from where the men of this globe came. Man never was not. If not on this globe, then on some other, he ever was, and will ever be in existence somewhere in the Cosmos. Ever perfecting and reaching up to the image of the Heavenly Man, he is always becoming.

—W. Q. JUDGE

LEWIS HULL

The Two-Edged Sword

[Mr. Lewis E. H. Hull, M.A., who is Senior Tutor in the Department of Education, University of Bristol, is the author of *History and Philosophy of Science* (1959). He is known to our readers by his many reviews for THE ARYAN PATH.

In this article he reflects upon the predicament of mankind in possession of knowledge and power resulting from science and technology and presenting formidable problems on the levels of ethics and social readjustment. His concluding list of suggestions for the development of the right human attitudes for this situation deserves careful thought.—ED.]

HAS MAN, like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, meddled with a magic that he should have let alone? Two age-old myths assure us that he has. Adam was turned out of the Garden for eating the forbidden fruit; Prometheus was punished by an eagle for stealing the fire of the gods. At first sight, these stories teach the same lesson: natural knowledge is a dangerous thing, inimical to human happiness. Yet, beneath the surface, lies a world of difference. For Adam is a guilty figure; Prometheus a hero. The Hebrew myth sees Man as a delinquent, who justly suffers for not submitting to a supernatural will; the Greek myth sees him as a high adventurer, managing his own destiny, who runs a necessary risk in the cause of self-fulfilment. The Hebrew *acquiesces* in a typically religious mood; the Greek *flaunts* a typically humanistic[1] one. Which of these attitudes is more appropriate when we confront Man's embarrassing involvement with the Science that he has himself created? Should we, perhaps, take some intermediate view — prouder than the one, and humbler than the other? These questions need dispassionate attention.

Two main driving forces keep scientific effort on the move — intellectual curiosity and technological demand. Both, no doubt, have always existed; it is hard to separate them clearly: but their relative importance has varied in the course of history. The earliest science, in China and the Middle East, was chiefly technological in origin. It grew up in the service of building, navigation, craft, commerce, and the calendar. It was empirical; and explanation was either mythological or non-existent. Intellectual curiosity — the desire for rational understanding — came into its own among the Greeks, whose genius for mathematics went hand in hand with their predilection for imaginative scientific theory. In Rome, technical achievement again became the sharper spur; as it also was, indeed, for

[1] By *humanism* I mean the self-confidence in Man, which urges him to rely upon himself rather than his gods or ancestors.

the alchemy of medieval Europe and Islam. During the Renaissance — in men like Leonardo — the curiosity and mathematics of one great classical civilization were united to the technological spirit of another. Empiricism and mathematical theory came together in the free atmosphere of a re-established humanism. Since then, the two powerful forces have worked together, reinforcing one another, to produce the astonishing growth of modern technological science — or scientific technology, if you prefer it that way round. Technology, using the discoveries of science, is forced forward to meet the needs of increasing population and human greed; while scientists continually avail themselves of the tools that technology devises.

But, although they run together in this leapfrog game, it is still possible to see some distinction between science and technology. For science is concerned with *knowledge*, and technology with *know-how*: the central aim of one is to make coherent sense out of experience; that of the other is to exercise control.

Science, as such — the sensitive, intelligent exploration of Nature — must, surely, be a noble trade. It is a legitimate outlet for some of the faculties that distinguish us from other animals. It represents human aspiration at the level of literature, philosophy, religion, or the fine arts. Its influence on daily life, except among those actually engaged in it, may be unobvious and indirect, but it is none the less of first importance. Our outlook and attitudes are fashioned by it, perhaps more than we know, through its effect on thought of every kind. It destroys our superstitions; it offers an ideal of intellectual integrity; it feeds our sense of reverence and wonder; it shows us what a marvellous creation Man is, and then punctures our pride by reminding us of his insignificance in time and space.

I have written elsewhere[2] about the influence of pure science upon thought. I wish now only to remark that I think this influence almost wholly good — provided that our education stresses the *limitations* of science, and enables us to see it in perspective, not in isolation. I shall return to this point later: but before doing so, I must say something of the other, more obvious, way in which science dominates our lives — through its support of technological activity. For there are clear signs that the technological motive is once more assuming supremacy over the heuristic. Where scientific secrets are in question, for instance, modern governments become as jealous as the Babylonian or Egyptian priests of antiquity. And again: we pay our scientists more for guiding our indus-

[2] *History and Philosophy of Science* (London, 1959). See also Sir William Dampier's *History of Science and Its Relations with Philosophy and Religion* (Cambridge, 1929).

try than teaching our children. We seem to be returning, for the moment, to the view that science matters, not so much for what it *is*, as for what it enables us to *do*.

It is important to think realistically about technology. We must not follow its star too irresponsibly and gaily, as if we believed that human need might be met by the mere supply of bread and circuses; nor should we turn up our noses at it, self-righteously, on the ground that it deals only with things material. For the plain fact is that none of us — except, perhaps, the genuine ascetic — can follow what we are pleased to call the "higher" human occupations on an empty belly. And so technology, though *insufficient* to meet all our needs, is nevertheless absolutely *necessary* to them. The trouble is , it cuts both ways: in solving one urgent problem, it always creates others. Let us look at some of the apparent contradictions that have to be resolved.

Technology, through medicine and sanitary engineering, solves problems of disease. It thus creates problems of over-population. It then offers *constructive* solutions to these new problems through better transport, more efficient food production, and so on. At the same time it presents the danger of a *destructive* solution by nuclear, chemical, or bacteriological war.

Technology, through transport, mass media of communication, and administrative and military efficiency, allows large areas to be centrally governed. This makes for security and plenty within a state: it suggests the real possibility of world government. At the same time, the dangers of power in the wrong hands become steadily more frightening: the political problem of the control of executive power is dreadfully sharpened.

Technology, in industry, can raise material standards immensely. In doing so, it creates many soulless jobs, contracts the demand for craftsmanship, saps self-reliance, and tends to rob men of satisfaction in their work. By spoiling vast tracts of country it raises agricultural and aesthetic questions.

Technology demands more and more specialized vocational training to keep it going. But it creates a leisure problem for which a quite different kind of education is desirable. It tries to solve (but actually intensifies) the leisure problems it creates — by making people dependent on its own mechanical devices for their entertainment.

What are the technical achievements that have most significance, for good or evil, in our time? Five fields at least, in which staggering advances are evident, come readily to mind: the release and distribution of energy; the control of life; communication, whether of goods, persons, information, or ideas; the mechanization of thought; and the production of synthetic materials.

Perhaps the only one of these achievements that need give us no cause for alarm is the last. The others all carry their sinister implications. Thus the controlled nuclear reaction, together with techniques of electrical transmission, can remove all our worries about power supply; but it is impossible to see how this *could* have happened without the simultaneous revelation of a terrible destructive force. Medical and agricultural researches give us methods of preserving or destroying life selectively; but the drugs and surgical techniques involved are clearly open to abuse. And, quite apart from this, we may just unwittingly fail to foresee the consequences of what we do; as, for instance, in the case of thalidomide: while the ecology of Nature is so complex that we simply cannot know all that may result from tampering with the balance. The latest advances in molecular biology may entail even graver responsibility. We are beginning to understand life at an essentially deeper level than before. We may, indeed, soon find that we hold evolution in fee. By selective breeding, of course, we have for ages had some power to govern the development of species, including our own. To do this, we have taken purposive advantage of the variations offered us by Nature: it may not now be long before we can force Nature to provide just those variations that we wish to select. Benevolence might use this power to prevent the birth of cretins or mongols: totalitarianism, under a man like Nietzsche, might use it to breed — in nicely adjusted proportions — a race of "higher Men" fit to enjoy the fullness of life and a race of semi-human automata to serve them.

Communication, of all kinds, may help unify the race. But new methods of transport increase the temptation to surprise attack in war; while new ways of spreading information and ideas put a powerful weapon in the hands of unscrupulous advertisers and propagandists. The mechanization of thought is less easy to assess. Computers are now relieving us of mental toil, just as coarser machinery has already relieved us of much hard physical labour: slaves of the counting-house are nearly as obsolete as those of the galleys. The computer also enables us to solve, *in fact*, problems which, because of the vast calculations entailed, we could previously solve only *in principle*.

The danger is insidious. There is a marked tendency, among "social scientists," to quantify things, like attitude, intelligence, and creativity, which are better left unquantified. Men are considered in terms of quotients and averages, when it might be better to remember they are sentient individuals. Only set up a computer; and a host of little busybodies will run round in circles, uncritically adapting their so-called thought to numerical expressions: they prefer bogus precision about trivialities to honest qualitative thought about what really matters. The computer is thus becoming our continual master, when it should be our

occasional servant. Of course, it never makes mistakes; it cannot overlook or break the rules; it takes full account of all the information available to it. Unfortunately, however, the most important data concerning human life are inaccessible to it, because it cannot *feel*. Even in the physical sciences, delicate imaginative thought counts far more than sheer quantity of information.

The over-all problem is clear enough; we cannot survive without technology, but we have to stop it running away with us. This problem cannot be solved by purely political means. If our government is authoritarian, its leaders will be interested in holding power; and they will tend to use technology for their own purpose — not for the good of humanity. If it is democratic, then its leaders ultimately depend on the backing of their subjects; and an enlightened policy can only be carried through with the good will of an enlightened population.[3] Thus the problem of maintaining a technology which is energetic and creative, yet under humane control, is fundamentally an educational one.

The professional training of technologists is not the vital issue. Developing countries have many problems here, and even the highly industrialized communities will have some. But there is plenty of interest in this side of the business, and the difficulties will no doubt be overcome. We are back with the questions raised at the end of my first paragraph: for the really deep and urgent educational problem is wide-spread development of the proper human *attitudes*. There is space only for the briefest suggestions here, as to what these attitudes might be: no room to argue pros and cons, or study ways and means. My own list of essentials, for what it is worth, is given below:

(1) To foster intelligent optimism. The optimist may or may not succeed; but the pessimist is bound to fail. One must be an optimist, because there is no point in being anything else.

(2) To discourage mere delight in technology for its own sake. This begins with the child who would rather play with a tape recorder than a kitten; it ends with the man who would rather get to the moon than help do away with famine.

(3) To take human experience and feeling as the focus for all our thought and learning. The proper study of mankind is Man. The impersonal concepts of scientific theory are valuable as props to thought; but we must not let them assume for us a "reality" superior to that of the direct experiences which we try to explain and correlate by means of them. We do not usually want our wine analysed away into ether, alcohols, and

[3] Even the dictator, I suppose, must eventually yield to sufficiently stern public resistance.

esters; our music into aerial vibrations; or our friends into protoplasmic cells. I fancy Berkeley still has a lot to teach us here.

(4) To stress the *limitations* of science, and to see it in perspective. Its measurements are never exact; its predictions are only probable; and, above all, there are whole regions of experience to which it is entirely inappropriate.

(5) To combat the ant-hill mentality. States exist for the benefit of individuals; not individuals for the benefit of states. The threats of technology are at their grimmest wherever the success of the State becomes an over-riding idea.

(6) To temper humanism with humility. It is right that, in surveying the works of men, we should feel a certain challenge and delight in being human. But we must also study our failures — not with any morbid sense of guilt, but to avoid the kind of pride that goes before a fall. Here, perhaps, we should try to revitalize religious education. I am not thinking of dogmatic instruction in particular beliefs. But religious activity is found wherever there are men. It must, presumably, be important. What is it all about?

LEWIS HULL

ONLY when thinking thus becomes quite humble can it set its feet upon the way that leads to knowledge. The more profound a religion is, the more it realizes this fact — that what it knows through belief is little compared with what it does not know. The first active deed of thinking is resignation — acquiescence in what happens. Becoming free, inwardly, from what happens, we pass through the gate of recognition on the way to ethics.

The deeper we look into nature, the more we recognize that it is full of life, and the more profoundly we know that all life is a secret and that we are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for himself alone. We realize that all life is valuable and that we are united to all this life. From this knowledge comes our spiritual relationship to the universe.

—ALBERT SCHWEITZER

J. RUDRAPPA

The Theory of Reflection

[We welcome to our pages Shri J. Rudrappa, M.A., LL.B., who is the author of a book on Kashmir Shaiva philosophy and three books in Kannada, also expounding ancient Indian philosophy. Shri Rudrappa began his study of philosophy under Dr. S. Radhakrishnan at the Maharaja's College, Mysore. After a career as a lawyer, a member of legislative bodies in the State of Mysore, and a District and Sessions Judge, he retired in 1950, and in retirement has devoted himself to the study of philosophy, especially of the development of Shaiva thought.

In this brief essay he weaves philosophical explanations round the image of the reflection of an object in a mirror.—ED.]

IT IS AN ACCEPTED MAXIM in philosophical discussion that one should proceed from the known to the unknown. Known things will have some established characteristic features, from the knowledge of which one can anticipate or postulate the existence and nature of some unknown things. We may know many things in outline, but in order to get a complete picture of a thing we have to have a comprehensive perspective of its position in relation to the whole scheme of things. We may easily perceive something by our intellect, but we may not be able to appreciate or evaluate it. Critical appreciation requires something more than mere understanding. Appreciation is generally spontaneous. We may see a beautiful picture or a work of art, and exclaim, "Oh, this is wonderful!" without having the slightest knowledge of the technique of art. In the same way will we be able to appreciate the inner reality of the whole universe by intuitive reflection. It is possible for man, even with his limited capacity and scope, to reflect the form of the universe by enlarging his vision — i.e., attaining *bhavyadṛṣṭi* — to comprehend the universal scheme of things and to appreciate things properly in their true perspective. In this respect the theory of reflection in the mirror propounded in the Vedānta offers us guidance in the process of reflection. Not infrequently the analogy we apply may tend to create formal difficulties, but the analogy may, to a certain extent, be fruitfully employed to elucidate our point. Thus the analogy of *bimba-pratibimba nyāya* will be helpful in understanding the theory of reflection.

A mirror reflects the form of any material object that is placed in front of it. The brightness of the reflected form of the object depends upon the shining purity of the reflecting mirror. The greater the shining capacity of the mirror, the truer the reflected picture. Secondly, the mirror is capable of reflecting a much bigger thing, an elephant for instance, in diminutive form. The mirror does not itself undergo any change. It reflects

only the form and not the qualities of the object reflected. Cotton and fire reflected in a mirror can coexist without their antagonistic qualities coming into play.

A mirror requires an external source of light in order to be able to reflect, whereas the universal mind does not require such a light since it is self-luminous. The analogy of reflection in the mirror holds good with reference to the *Cit* in so far as the mirror and the human mind possess analogous characteristics.

Cit reflects the universe, universe in the objectified content. Our experience of the universe is conditioned by five principal elements, viz., earth, water, fire, air, and ether, with the corresponding attributes — smell, taste, form, touch, and sound. The reflection in the mirror is confined to form only. But the reflection of the universe in *Cit* is of a different character. The mind, by virtue of its control over the sense organs, can reflect even the qualities or attributes of the thing reflected. This is what enables us to understand and appreciate the object and the qualities. The mind and the senses are confined to understanding and appreciation to a certain extent. It is only when we rise to the self-conscious level that we can reflect and appreciate the reality of the object in its totality.

In reflection the five sense organs are dependent upon the all-comprehensive universal mind and infinite consciousness. Our understanding by mind is conditioned according to the predilections of the mind. That is the reason why we cannot appreciate several things in their true colours. Those who have developed the power of the sense organs and the thinking faculty to an exceptionally high degree are capable of deep understanding and appreciation, and earn the appellation of *yogis*.

The metaphysical correlates of the problem of reflection deserve study.

The entire universe is the outcome of the desire of the Supreme Reality and is also an object of reflection of the infinite *Cit*. The reflection of the universe in *Cit* is different from the reflection in a mirror in one sense. The mirror, the reflected article, and the image or reflected form are three different objects, whereas the entire universe is the outcome of the desire of the Absolute and is also the object of reflection. Contemplation of this fact culminates in the identity of the subject and the object.

The transcendental Reality is the source for all these reflections, whether subjective or objective. The analogy of *bimba-pratibimba* will be helpful also in explaining the emotional aspects of pleasure and pain of the individual. When the conscious mind comes in contact with the objects of sense perception, we experience pleasure or pain, recollecting or reflecting in the inner mind; and on a higher plane, evaluating things in their total perspective, in the overall scheme of things, we find that pleasure, pain, and similar sensations are fleeting and not inherent factors in our

life. The difference between these various experiences is more often but a matter of temporary vibration in the nervous system of our physical body by which we feel or have agreeable or disagreeable reactions. When a particular reflection is over, the vibration changes accordingly. If we reflect properly, the effects and the after-effects of the changes will be diminished considerably, eventually leading to clear understanding and peace of mind.

Philosophically, conflict and friction are the outcome of duality. There will be no antagonism unless we have two opposing ideas. Our intellectual attainments, sensations, and perceptions are based on dual cognition. When the aspirant is able to cross over this duality, he gradually elevates himself into non-dual infinity, which is the native state of his existence. Every means — be it the analogy of *bimba-pratibimba* or *Ābhāsavāda* — capable of leading the aspirant to that identity of consciousness can and should be adopted to achieve that end.

J. RUDRAPPA

East and West

VOL. 17, Nos. 1-2 (March–June 1967) of *East and West* is a joint issue of the leading archaeological journal of Italy. It is magnificently printed and furnished with photographs; and edited by Guiseppe Tucci, the well-known Buddhist-Indic scholar. It contains papers by Italian, German, American, and Indian scholars, and scholarly reviews in the Continental tradition, combining length with exact learning.

A detailed review is uncalled for except to draw attention to the leading contributions: they are by U. Scerrato, on pre-Muslim antiquities of Gagatu (Afghanistan); by H. Humbrach, on two inscriptions in Graeco-Bactrian from Afghanistan; by R. Raikes, on field archaeology in Saudi Arabia; by K. Jettmar, on Islamic collective tombs in Dardistan; and by R. C. Agrawala, on Katarmal wooden inscriptions in the National Museum at New Delhi.

A. A. A. F.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

Celtic Christianity

[We publish below the second and concluding part of Mr. Alun Llewellyn's suggestive essay.—ED.]

II

THE "ANCIENT BOOKS" are, however, exactly based on a classical science as understood — and most necessary to be understood — for the practical purposes of daily life. Modern astronomers divide the heavens in the five circles, Arctic, Cancer, Equator, Capricorn, and the outer edge of observation; exactly as the Great Circle Map for aerial navigation divides Earth, reduced to a planisphere, into the same series with the same names. This ancient device for equating Time and Space was, for the minds which first conceived it, an expression of the identity of the god-inhabited heavens with the lives of men, both inspired by the eternal Intelligence which motivated all Creation. For the writers of the Ancient Books this was a fundamental concept, and the mathematical order into which the work of the heavens fell was a constant manifestation and observable proof of that presiding intellect.

The central structure of the system was the line of the Sun's meridian, the highest point of its daily position and the mid-point of its course between East and West. This line of Noon moves from the Summer Solstice during the year to its Winter Solstice extreme, from which it is gradually drawn back again. But it remains invariably "reined" to the Northern Star; the first essential of an accurate sundial is that its gnomon should be aligned directly on the Pole Star. Since the Sun operates only by day and the Pole Star can be seen only at night, it is obvious that the sundial was itself the product of a series of closely observed and accurately annotated calculations. But the mathematical analysis into which Time and Space were therefore seen to fall was accepted by the Ancient Books not as an attribute of man's ingenuity but of the tremendous principle which launched Creation before man was made, of what Heraclitus called the *Logos,* from which both *Gnome* and *Nous* prepared the structure of the World and planned its destiny.

This manifest Meridian line inspired the symbolism by which early societies attempted to explain Creation to themselves. The Pole Star handled the Sun as though it were a Horse; indeed Heraclitus himself used the term *Hippoi* in the precise sense of the Powers belonging to God, suggesting that the Greek word for a Horse (*Hippo*) meant in fact and primarily a Thing of Power. Much of the mythology built in later years from the literature of the Ancient Books derives from the misapplication

of many such metaphors from a context not only misunderstood but proscribed. In this, however, their experience is by no means unique. But the basis of belief which the "Celtic" Church accepted is reflected in their constant study of the phenomena of the Fixed Point of the North and the Fixed Line of the Meridian round which the whole order of Planets revolved. This was the focal design upon which the aggregation of the several Spheres of Creation was concentrated — the Graal, as it was written. The idea has a very close parallel in the Rod of the Myth of Er which Plato, using it as an image of an ordered Universe, "rescued from oblivion" and made the final chapter of his *Republic*.

While much of this body of thought is influenced by the long tradition maintained from the earliest civilizations, one significant point relates the Ancient Books to a particular stage in the history of Western philosophy. The Neo-Platonist Plotinus, contriving a synthesis which would give new life to Classical ethics (A.D. 250), equated the *Logos* no longer with the material elements of Earth, Water, Fire, Air but with the perception of Light. The Ancient Books retain the Classical canon in so far as Air (*Guynt*) it discussed as the basis through which the Quintessence (*Cuynt*) related itself to Fire (*Guyn*), Water (*Guy*), and the principle of life in Earth and Man (*Gui*); but the Neo-Platonic relation of Logic with Light is the most striking feature of its vocabulary. The term LOC expresses the word in the Beginning; LOG, the Thought which it expressed; and LLOG the order of Light established in the sequence of hours into which that Thought resulted. The analytic system the literature developed applied these terms to each of the Five successive spheres in succession through a series of vowel changes; and the close relation these (e.g., LOC, LUC, LAC, LEC, LIC) show to Classical words for Speech, Thought, Light, and Law (*Loq-*, *Log-*, *Luc-*, *Lak-*, *Leg-*, *Lic-*) suggests that Plotinus himself may have built directly upon a concept much more ancient.

What most inescapably emerges is the Pythagorean forms upon which the philosophy was founded. Numbers, and numbers in their logical relation to the degrees of Space and Time, dominate the essays contained in the Ancient Books. Being, for which Plato's term ON is used, which enclosed the Cosmos in its own Whole (*Holos*) dominates the Unity of the Firmament (UN), the Anima or Soul of the World of Planets (AN), the Entity or Body of Earth (EN), and the life of men on the Land contained by Ocean (IN). A series of didactic lines (*Taliesin*, 79) distinguishes these unities in their separate Spheres (5); divides them into the Quarters (4) of the Seasons of the Year and the Cardinal Points; marks out the Sectors of Time, Dawn to Noon, Noon to Sunset, Sunset to Dawn (3), to each of which the Summer Solstice allots 8 hours; and adds the Equinoctial balance in which the equal divisions (2) of 12 hours each for Day

and Night are defined by the exact semi-circle of 180 degrees containing each (*Black Book,* 47b). The 6 points of Noon and Midnight, plus the Solstice Hours of 4 a.m. and 8 p.m., 8 a.m. and 4 p.m.; the 7 planets then recognized; the 8 formed by the 4 Cardinal Points of Earth plus the 4 Points of the Heavens, North Pole, South Pole, the Zenith of Sun in the Northern and in the Southern Hemisphere; the 9 circles of the *Ennead* as known to Aristotle — these complete the series. 10 is recognized as a basic measure for calculating the degrees of Space and Time and 12 is noted as the principle of division for the Hours, the Months, and the Centuries.

But there is nothing mystical in the appeal to this mathematical system in the Ancient Books; it is a system which remains fundamental to all modern computation and which they acknowledge as the expression of the great Mind of the Creator, of the Knowledge of *God* (CNAUT) which in man became Flesh (GNAUD). Neither is there the remotest suggestion of the "astrology" which Gildas so fiercely denounces. The Planets are named and ascribed to their proper arithmetical relation to the rest of Creation. Venus (GUENER) is accorded due recognition as the star which, appearing after sunset, heralds the approach of the constellations that will continue the function of the Sun in marking the cycle of Time and which, as Morning Star later in the year, gives assurance of the rebirth of light. In one passage (*Black Book,* 5) it is brilliantly celebrated in a poem somewhat superior to the invocation made by Lucretius at the opening of his *De Rerum Natura.* The Harmony of the Planets, their assonance of measure, which Pythagoras assigned to the 7 intervals of the musical octave, is treated in the same manner (*Taliesin,* 72).

But Gildas's objections, so far as the Ancient Books disclose any ground for them, may have been limited to the use of certain metaphors.

The first is that of the Serpent — SARPH for the orbit of the Sun, SARFF for the Planets at night. Many ancient philosophies based themselves on the idea of the Earth as the last product of a course of Creation which uncoiled the animate World of Planets from the cold sphere of the Firmament. The Ancient Books see the process as a separating movement from the sphere of Saturn winding from Jupiter to the nearest of the planets, Mercury, and so finally forming Sea and Land and inspiring Man's wakened soul with knowledge. Some assumptions of his own as to the meaning of the great parable in Genesis and the proper relation of men to the divine Knowledge may have led Gildas to take the unfavourable view he did.

For the Divine Principle, the Ancient Books have no direct word. What was inscrutable could not be defined by name or image. It had shown itself in the past by the act of Creation, for which YU is the term, and con-

tinued to show itself in the present courses of created things (UY) which were evolving to a prescribed end. The reversal of the lettering is far from accidental but is typical of the vocabulary; Being was manifest in Past Time and in the Future towards which Creation was reversing its issue. But, like the Ionian philosopher who pointed out that there was nothing static in existence ("You cannot step into the same stream twice"), the Ancient Books are acutely aware of the drift of Time evident in the relentless movement of the stars which marked its hourly passage. YUUY is their phrase to explain the hidden mind of eternity and where God Himself rather than any particular manifestation of that power is intended, that phrase and that phrase only is used.

A most interesting feature is the application made of Aristotle's concept that the several spheres of Creation were "crystalline" in form. Even Renascence scholars assumed this to mean actual material globes of some glass-like substance. Since Land and Ocean were each understood to be contained in a distinct sphere, it is more than unlikely that Aristotle should have meant anything other than a form of precipitation, or thin integument of extreme cold (*kryos* — frost) contracting within its contrary impulse the forces of fire which possessed the stars and kindled life on Earth. This sense of a concentration of a principle of force is implicit when the Ancient Books speak of the living society of men; the word CRYST, the general term for the concentration of Creation, becomes CRIST when applied to mortal beings. It is significant to notice that, in a series of poems in the *Black Book* (18, 19, 20) the language belonging to the expression of this philosophy is at one point deliberately changed to Latin. For a few lines, following the rhythm and rhyme-scheme of the Brittanic words, there is introduced a Latin text wherein the CRIST is specifically identified with Christ. It would be difficult to find any moral or philosophical ground for objecting to this convergence of the idea of a purposeful Creation with that of Man.

It is important to recognize that the Ancient Books are strongly characterized by concepts belonging to seamen. Much of their instructional matter is devoted to navigational purposes, though the devotional aspect is rarely overlooked. Constantine the Great's conquest of the Roman Empire in the fourth century was launched from Britain, for which enterprise the support of its naval stations was essential. The sign under which he fought, for an ultimately Christian purpose, was the Labarum. Its form is that of the ancient design, known as far back as 300 B.C., upon the trading-seals of the Panjab civilization, of the "Andrew" cross marking the Solstice points on the sundial divided by the North-South line of the Meridian. Derivation of this design, which takes the form of a P raised upon an X, from the Greek letters *Chi* and *Rho* is a theory not unchal-

lenged. A Roman form for the monogram is equally arguable and can be as readily assumed to mean *Crux Pia* or even *Crista Pia*. Its parallel with the symbols of the tropic variation of the Sun by day and the movement of the Septem Triones, the Polar Constellation of the Bear, by night, the inseparable principles by which seamen steered and the divine Intelligence made itself manifest, is too close to be overlooked. Seamen then as now were closely concerned with the working heavens which they saw not in mythopoeic forms but as the exact instruments of a perfect Law. If in fact, as Homer suggests, the Labyrinth was the design of Time which men had traced through observation of the interaction of Sun and Star, the Labarum may well have been a parallel phrase and of equal antiquity to describe the slow and regular movement (*Labor*) of the stars activated by the creative Mind.

Both in their retention of the terminology of sciences already anciently established and originating in the first civilizations of the East and in the spiritual explanation they gave to them, the Ancient Books deserve wide study. The genuine form of the "Arthurian" theme is one which uniquely preserves a knowledge and a practice basic to the understanding of Classical and pre-Classic thought. In some part, it suffers from contact with the fatalism affecting Stoic belief. But in its broader outlook, it re-states the early wonder of men at the fashion of the Universe and accepts with simple loyalty the design of a Creator whose Word became Flesh and to whose Word all that lives must submit itself in the service of what is naturally Just.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

All hail to heaven!
All hail to earth!
All hail to air!
All hail to air!
All hail to heaven!
All hail to earth!

Mine eye is sun and my breath is wind,
air is my soul and earth my body.
I verily who never have been conquered
give up my life to heaven and earth
for keeping.

—ATHARVA-VEDA

S. E. BOWEN

Maria Bronte and a Puzzle Resolved

The Seeming Dichotomy in Christian and Indian Religion

[Readers may remember Miss S. E. Bowen's article on "The Middle Way of Love" in THE ARYAN PATH of May 1967. Miss Bowen has a Methodist inheritance of devotion and mysticism which has been enlarged and elucidated by her own sympathetic study of other spiritual teachings. In this article she carries out a comparison between the everlasting-punishment idea and the other idea of eventual redemption from even great sin. In the context of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, her well-documented discussion proposes that the Christian ideal rightly understood and the Indian religious teachings are in essential harmony.—ED.]

IT WAS Miss Rigby (afterwards Lady Eastlake) who first pointed out, in 1848,[1] that the Christianity of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* had a strange affinity to Hindu teaching. Queen Victoria's verdict on the new publication was that the book's religion was its most arresting quality of all. The Brontë girls were in some degree mystics, their "daydreams" amounting almost to visions. And it may well be that it is their spiritual insight that is the heart of their appeal.

The children were instructed in their religion by their eldest sister, Maria,[2] the Helen Burns of *Jane Eyre*, who was undoubtedly something of a seer. Possibly it is she who is immortalized too in the famous threnody "Remembrance,"[3] Emily's underlying love for her giving its accents their extraordinary authority.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë himself, not a spontaneously attached father of the sisters, recorded that Maria "had a powerfully intellectual mind." She was not quite a normally rangée, robust little girl, but could be likened to a flower grown in too much shade. "Her childhood was no childhood."[4] Charlotte attested that in portraying her as Helen Burns she had exaggerated nothing, but had, on the contrary, "abstained from recording much that I remember respecting her, lest the narrative should sound incredible." It is possible that it is the same sister too who is the real inspiration behind another of Emily's loved poems, "My Lady's Grave."[5]

This power, as it were, behind the Brontë throne was unorthodox in

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[1] *The Quarterly Review*

[2] Died 1825, aged 11

[3] The poem beginning "Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee..." Maria's grave is actually beneath the pavement in Haworth Church, but Emily always preferred to imagine graves in the open, merging with the moor.

[4] MRS. GASKELL: *Life of Charlotte Bronte*

[5] Beginning "The linnet in the rocky dells..."

that she believed everyone was saved. Helen in *Jane Eyre* thought one ought not to retaliate if one were wronged, or indulge feelings of resentment, but still be kind. Her serene belief was that all in this life were in truth actors; and when life was over, they put off their masks and went behind the temporal scenes to God.

This gentle teaching has had a far-reaching subtle influence, not only on the Brontës but on their public. Young readers have ever accepted Helen's doctrine, feeling a sure instinct that she is mysteriously right.

Yet the youthful Jane could see in that creed something inconsistent with the perfect justice of God. Cruel people, she felt, must be punished. Actors they might just possibly be, but the play must see to it that such actors were punished, to make sure justice was being done; and to keep them from repeating their offences, too. Helen thought they would respond better to balanced love than to harsh treatment. Earthly judges, she felt, were themselves faulty; seeing only a half-truth unless they had a heart of benevolence for those they judged. Jane thought they must do the best they could notwithstanding, and make sure their penalties were adequate. God was perfectly just; so must men aspire to be.

A modern writer in a recent essay has made the same protest. The author of *The Novelist's Responsibility*[6] objects to being expected to feel compassion for criminals. It is not that one enjoys seeing a cruel felon cruelly punished, he would say, but it is one's disagreeable duty to see it done. One would perhaps argue that such punishing gives a brutalizing release to the spectator's kindred ferocity: and is no longer to be excused on the ground that it is a pitiful necessity for the law-abiding, as incident in dim lives. Still the answer would be that all such considerations must be put aside as subsidiary to the main duty of punishing wrong. Hanging, for example, is to be ruthlessly carried out for the sake of being just: no matter at what cost of mental anguish to the criminal; disregarding that it is not natural to know the exact and certain time of one's death: one must just concentrate on the fact that a man who has taken an innocent life has rendered forfeit his own guilty one. Anything else is weakness, over-generosity — a being "generous" at someone else's expense and to the danger of the public. To be fashionably permissive, to compassionate criminals instead of toughly punishing them, is half-consciously but an immoral manoeuvring for indulgence for oneself, when it is one's own turn to misdo.

This is the view of the old school: and perhaps it acts as a necessary check to a too precipitate advance towards the ideal way of rule — "without judgement, without punishment, without revenge."[7]

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[6] L. P. HARTLEY

[7] *Caesar and Cleopatra* by BERNARD SHAW.

Moreover, for the State at least, which is "ordained of God," to exact a rigid penalty does seem at first a more reasonable, a more strictly just way. Yet one inclines to that other teaching! Perhaps it was a case of Helen's heart having reasons which reason itself could not formulate.

It is the same apparent dichotomy that has been made the grounds of a complaint against Indian religion. Because of it the faith has been accused of being ambivalent. For it has long been pointed out that there is a clash between the wholly lenient Brahmanic doctrine and the very strict justice of Buddhism which flowers from it. These ideas seem to be mutually exclusive.

The original Brahmanic teaching, put very simply, is that the events of this world are not reality but more in the nature of a passing show — saint and transgressor being really on a par. Therefore one should not retaliate if one seems wronged, or feel aggrieved, but remain serenely friendly. One's assailant, if seen rightly, is a form of God.

Buddhism, on the other hand, is deeply concerned with retributive justice. It has no tendency to blur the distinction between right and wrong, as has the Brahmanic doctrine when imperfectly understood. Buddhism attaches very great weight to transgressions, maintaining that the least one must be carefully undone. But why, asks the student of Indian religion, if — as the parent Brahmanism affirms — saint and sinner are in truth on an equality?

May it not be that both are equal because the transgressor himself demands in his secret soul that he undoes his misdeeds? Brahma the infinitely loving would then embrace or comprise the perfect justice of Buddhism.

The eldest of the Brontë children would be right in speaking of the boundless mercy of God; the opposite faction would be right in demanding justice; but perfect justice would inevitably be done if the offender in the depths of his soul voluntarily undertook to expiate every offence.

The opposite contingent might object that in any case he would be able to do that only because the righteous were properly severe with him. But let off his full punishment purely out of love for God, he might *then*, as Helen thought, make up any deficit by doing something positive for that true Kingdom. At the end of the ballad of "Judas Iscariot"[8] it is perhaps significant that Judas immediately does something for Christ.

When it is once envisioned that the Parent Creator and the creaturely may still be in one, the continually encountered puzzle of that "dichotomy" is resolved:

And one to me are shame and fame

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[8] By ROBERT BUCHANAN (1841–1901)

Brahma affirms in the famous poem by Emerson; while the lines immediately follow:

> They reckon ill who leave me out;
> When me they fly, I am the wings.

Is it not because they are greater than they know? Besides his small conscious being, has not each a cosmic side that is one with the cosmic down-reaching of Deity? Each, it would seem, is united to Perfection, and it is he himself, in the manner of the offspring unborn, who has woven the cord. Everyone has thus seen to it that his "heart is restless till it find rest in Thee."

Surely implicit in both Christian and Indian religion is this idea that one's true stature is such that one insists on making complete atonement. Thus in both religions the discipline is as meticulous as Justice could dream; yet it is in full accord with the wish of the offender's true self: so it is Love's discipline, the restraint of never-ending Mercy.

It would seem to be a disciplining for creative purposes. Helen, like other mystics, felt no-one was really guilty and deserving of punishment. But even if this be so, even if, as she implies, one merely assumes darkness with one's heredity, with the unknowing of one's time — still, innocence is not goodness. And since God is one's Parent, in order to become His born son and independent Equal, each man seems to elect to be dealt with as if his were the blame for the darkness assigned him. Everyone thus seems to use effort or pain creatively, and, in shouldering a burden of guilt that is not really his, makes out of his innocence a positive, divine goodness.

The cryptic last line[9] of that same poem "Brahma" deliberates so gracefully that it seems to confirm that the answer is the Middle Way — the way of self-restraint purely for the love of Measure, Grace — that was indicated by Buddha, and further illumined by Christ.

This same startling line would seem to plead for a less primitive and passionate, a less narrowly human, view of the home of Transcendent God than was orthodox in Emerson's day. The heaven of the West then signified a place for ever reserved for a minority, the rest being consigned to everlasting hell. It was for protesting against this limited view that Frederick Maurice was in 1853 dismissed from the Church of England.[10]

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[9] "Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

[10] Because it was then held to be the view of Christ. But this was almost certainly a misapprehension of His meaning, owing to a later confusion between the words "eternal" and "everlasting"; the first of which merely meant, "not of this present temporal world, but belonging to the world of the spirit." That world certainly was everlasting; but it by no means followed that the sting of its discipline was so. (The true Paradise would be a Transcending of Time—a retaining of its power, while being beyond it.)

It was a more adult, a larger vision of the Hereafter that the "little mother" of the Brontës beheld. No-one taught it to her. She seemed to grasp the spirit behind Methodism in spite of the shadowy letter. Perhaps the repose of *The Imitation of Christ*[11] spoke to her; perhaps the poetry of the Wesley hymns. But it was chiefly intuitive, this recognition of an immanent cloudless Love — an attainment of Maria's "own unique mind." Of this eldest child Mr. Brontë has recorded that "she exhibited during her illness many of the symptoms of a heart under Divine influence."[12]

It was the natural part of womankind to bear things as they were: women's role was passive. Maria did not, as her mother had done, docilely accept the darker side of Methodism — through grace she altered it. And in so doing she was being perhaps super-normal.

Well did "*Resurgam*" inscribe her fictional grave. For her likeness in literature has been exalted, and has played its impressive part in evolving for Christians from the old idea of everlasting hell-fire the loftier vision of such works as the "Judas Iscariot" poem.

Here, in the ballad, Jesus is too poised, sees too clearly to hate anything, even the sin of Judas himself. And at last, after having wandered in anguish for many, many years (for he had to satisfy his own sense of justice, perfect because at one with the divine), Judas allows himself to fall at the feet of heaven's Compassion, who is thus proved all-powerful.

S. E. BOWEN

MEN ARE NOT in hell because God is angry with them; they are in wrath and darkness because they have done to the light, which infinitely flows forth from God, as that man does to the light of the sun, who puts out his own eyes.

WILLIAM LAW

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[11] Her dead mother's copy of the famous treatise by Thomas à Kempis.

[12] A smile lights Helen's face "like a reflection from the aspect of an angel."

G. SRIRAMAMURTHY

The Poetry of Shankara: *Saundaryalahari*

[Shri G. Sriramamurthy has strong roots in both Indian and English literatures. His father was a distinguished scholar and poet in Sanskrit and Telugu. Shri Sriramamurthy himself has taken his M.A. in English Literature and undergone special training in linguistics and in teaching English as a foreign language. He is at present working on a doctoral thesis on the poetry of Dylan Thomas. He has written poetry, criticism, and short stories in Telugu, as well as historical and critical articles in English.

This article is a sympathetic appreciation of a famous symbolical and devotional poem by the great Śaṅkarācārya.—ED.]

Śivānandalaharī AND *Saundaryalaharī* are companion poems. If in *Śivānandalaharī* Śaṅkara extols Śiva, the creative male principle, in *Saundaryalaharī* he sings of Śakti, the creatrix of the world. In both the poems, however, he succeeds in transcending the limits of philosophy to enter the wonder world of poetry in which fancy and personality are fused together to form an organic whole of unforgettable beauty.

Saundaryalaharī occupies a very high place in Hindu devotional literature and has a value independent of its poetry. It contains much exoteric *tāntric* thought in spite of its apparent eroticism. A book of daily prayers, it has the same *māntric* value which the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Vālmīki and the *Bhagavad-Gītā* of Vyāsa have for the devout Hindu. It is interesting that the most famous book of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, wherein Vālmīki's poetic imagination runs riot, is a *mantra* in itself like *Saundaryalaharī*, and is called "*Sundarakāṇḍa*," the Book of Beauty.

Saundaryalaharī is the lyrical cry of the enlightened soul on realizing the timeless, eternal Reality called Śakti, whose manifold manifestation the universe is. Śakti is supreme. Nothing can live, move, or be without her. She is the creatrix as well as the sustainer and destroyer of the worlds and gods. Hari, Hara, and Viriñci are but her slaves who derive their power from her. When at the time of *pralaya* everything disintegrates and dies, leaving nothing behind, Śiva alone survives because she, with her time-making *tāṭaṅkas*, happens to be his wife-consort. She is the very "I-ness" of Śiva—"*Puramathiturāhopuruṣikā*" (v. 7).

She is benign and kindly. As Lakṣmī, she gives the gift of wealth; as Saraswatī, she gives the gift of language and thought; and as Pārvatī, she gives the gift of chastity. A symbol of cosmic womanhood, she manifests herself in many a mood and aspect in the world. Visala, Kalyani, Ayodhya, Dhara, Madura, Bhogavati, Avanti, and Vijaya are places of her worship, each representing an aspect of her. Nothing is easier than to please her,

A mere wish to propitiate her is enough. She grants whatever is wanted with utmost readiness and bounty. Her lotus-feet are alone capable of sustaining the world.

On the *tāntric* plane, she is conceived to be the mysterious *Kuṇḍalinī*, the resident Power in the form of a coiled serpent in the *Mūlādhāracakra*, or the mysterious centre at the base of the spine. To worship her is to rouse the dormant *Kuṇḍalinī* by *sādhanā* (discipline) and realize it in the centre called *Ājñācakra* in the *Sahasrāra*, after it has cut through the six intervening *cakras* (regions). One who is able to realize this in the manner described in the poem is enabled to experience the unqualified Reality, *Brahman*, beyond the bounds of the polarities of the world. This way of worship is free from the grossness that taints the Leftist way of Tantra, *Vāmācāra*, and is known as *Samayācāra*. Śaṅkara claims that this *tantra* is a new and original one and is an addition to the sixty-four *tantras* already established by tradition. The *tāntric* thought of the poem is in consonance with the well-known Vedāntic monism of Śaṅkara. In his poem, he wipes away the boundaries between religion and philosophy, and lifts both of them to the plane of sublime poetry.

Saundaryalaharī suggests more than it states; delights more than it instructs; inspires more than it exhorts. Its easy-flowing rhythm of graceful verses full of cadenced phrases and collocation of expressions is a delight in itself. The simplicity of diction and the lucidity of style balance the weight of thought and metaphysical subtlety of the poem.

Saundaryalaharī is a literary miracle, made possible only by the rich and composite personality of Śaṅkara. The Śaṅkara we know is a great philosopher who renounced the world at the tender age of eight and died young. He is the best champion of *Jñānamārga* or the path of Knowledge. But in his poetry we find another aspect of his personality. He is not merely a sage who wrote as a literary exercise. There is a genuine poet in him unstifled by his philosophical austerity. His poetry is one irresistible flood of inspiration flowing from the Himalayan heights of intellectual discovery. To him, as to Donne, thought and experience are one. His poetry is the happy haunt of knowledge and devotion (*Bhakti* and *Jñāna*).

Śaṅkara is a conscious artist. He is well-disciplined in poetics and his grasp on grammar and language is sure. Although we do not have conclusive historical evidence to show that he was reckoned a great poet in his lifetime, we have reason to believe that he was, and that he received the honours due to such a poet. In *Śivānandalaharī* he says that his poetry is meant to please the scholars. In *Saundaryalaharī* he is more explicit and says that he is a learned poet. In the following beautiful *śloka* (v. 75), he speaks of his birth and achievement. It is a remarkable verse in which frankness, pride, humility, and devotion are blended together.

Tava stanyam manye dharaṇidharakanye hṛdayataḥ
Payaḥpārāvāraḥ parivahati sāraswatamiva
Dayāvatyā dattam draviḍaśiśurāsādya tava yat
Kavīnām prauḍhānām ajani kamanīyaḥ kavayitā.

O Mother, I believe the ocean of literary milk in your heart is flowing through your kindly breasts, having been suckled at which this child of the Draviḍa country became the sweetest poet among all the most skilled practitioners of the poetic art.

Each *śloka* in *Saundaryalaharī* is, in fact, the chiselled masterpiece of a consummate artist.

Sweetness is the note of *Saundaryalaharī*. The author describes his own poetry as being as sweet as milk, grapes, and honey: "*Madhukṣīra-drākṣāmadhurimadhurīṇaḥ phaṇitayaḥ*" (v. 15). By a judicious selection of words, he avoids all harshness of sound and secures ease by the avoidance of long compounds and by the use of liquid consonants as well as sibilants. Alliteration, which is but a doubtful ornament in the hands of poets, has become an attraction in the skilful hands of Śaṅkara. *Yamaka* (assonance) seems to be his favourite figure, although he never repeats a combination more than twice. This, perhaps, is a stylistic device he borrowed from Kālidāsa. The quality of the style just described is known as *mādhurya* (sweetness) in poetics. It is said that beauty can be achieved even in the absence of figures of speech and thought, if the poet has mastery over *guṇas* (qualities) like *mādhurya* and *saukumārya* (tender grace). The following verse testifies to the statement (v. 26):

Viriñciḥ pañcatwam vrajati harirāpnoti viratim
Vināśam kīnāśo bhajati dhanado yāti nidhanam
Vitandrī māhendrī vitatirapi sammīlitadṛśā
Mahāsaṁhāresmin viharati sati tvatpatirasau.

Brahma dies, Hari expires, Yama perishes, Kubera too dies. Indra and his world also vanish. Your husband with his meditative eyes, always dances in this great world, even after everything has been destroyed.

If freshness of phrase is the quality of good poetry, here is a wealth of phrase that suggests the serene beauty of a fresh-blown rose swaying in a gentle breeze. Expressions like the following haunt our memory for a very long time:

Ratinayanalehyena vapuṣā (v. 5).
Puramathiturāhopuruṣikā (v. 7).
Taruṇataraśṛṅgāralaharī–gabhīrābhirvāgbhiḥ ... (v. 16).
Trasyad vanahariṇaśālīnanayanāḥ (v. 18).
Saraswatyāssūktīramṛtalaharīkauśalaharīḥ (v. 60).

To illustrate Śaṅkara's keen sense of language, let us but take one example. "*Laharī*" is a favourite word with him and he uses it time and again in various collocations to achieve beauty of rhythm. The titles *Śivānandalaharī* and *Saundaryalaharī* are themselves so mellifluous that many later writers have imitated them. Jagannātha Paṇḍitarāya, the celebrated poet-rhetorician, called his *stotras Gaṅgālaharī, Yamunālaharī,* etc. "*Laharī,*" with its two liquids and vocalic ending, is a beautiful word. It signifies a wave and that which has waves. Śaṅkara's imagination, which is visual in quality, seizes the opportunity of exploiting it to the full. Observe the following:

Bhajanti twām dhanyāḥ katicana cidānandalaharīm (v. 8).
Mahāntaḥ paśyanto dadhati paramāhlādalaharīm (v. 21)
Viriñcipreyasyāstaruṇataraśṛṅgāralaharī–gabhīrābhirvāgbhiḥ ... (v. 26)
Vadanasaundaryalaharī–parīvāhasrotassaraṇiriva sīmantasaraṇiḥ (v. 44)
Saraswatyāssūktīramṛtalaharīkauśalaharīḥ (v. 60)
Ataste śītāṁśoramṛtalaharīmāmlarucayaḥ (v. 63)

This recurring image of the "billowy stream" may be said to be an archetypal image in Śaṅkara's poetry. Nothing suggests the idea of continuity of life better than the image of the stream. The rhythm of the universal life, creation and destruction, change and permanence, the idea of the individual soul flowing into the timeless eternity in the course of time — all these are suggested and symbolized by the archetype of the billowy river. It gives a sort of rhythmic unity to the hundred verses of the poem. The last stanza brings out the idea of universal rhythm in a striking manner (v. 100):

Pradīpajwālābhirdivasakaranīrājanavidhiḥ
Sudhāsūteścandropalajalalavairarghyaracanā
Swakīyairambhobhiḥ salilanidhisauhityakaraṇam
Twadīyābhirvāgbhistava janani vācām stutiriyam.

O Mother, this praise of you by me in the words given by you is like showing the sun by way of worship with a lighted torch; like pouring ablution to the moon with the waters from the moonstone; like satisfying the ocean with its own waters.

This was borrowed by Nannechoda in his *Kumārasambhava.* Śaṅkara himself might have been inspired by the following verse of Śūdraka's *Padmaprābhṛtaka:*

Sūryam yajanti dīpaiḥ samudramadbhiḥ vasantamapi puṣpaiḥ
Arcāmo bhagavantam vayamapi vāgīśwaram vāgbhiḥ.

The sun is worshipped with lights, the ocean with waters, the god of the spring with flowers; we worship God who is the lord of words with words.

The beauty of the poem is mainly due to the *alaṅkāras* it contains. We have already noticed some of the *śabdālaṅkāras*. As almost all important figures of speech are found in his poetry, it is not possible to deal with them individually. We may, however, note that his similes are not bookish, although they are sometimes conventional. Consider the following (v. 79):

Nisargakṣīṇasya stanataṭabhareṇa klamajuṣo
Namanmūrternārītilakaśanakaistruṭyata iva
Ciram te madhyasya truṭitataṭinītīrataruṇā
Samāvasthā sthemno bhavatu kuśalam śailatanaye.

The slender waist of Pārvatī is here compared to a tree bent with the weight of fruit, delicately poised on the bank of a river.

Tanotu kṣemam nastava vadanasaundaryalaharī-
Parīvāhasrotassaraṇiriva sīmantasaraṇiḥ
Vahantī sindūram prabalakabarībhāratimira-
Dviṣam bṛndairbandīkṛtamiva navīnārkakiraṇam.

Here the poet describes the beauty of the narrow furrow made on the head of Pārvatī, in the process of parting her hair, containing *sindūra* or vermilion. He compares it (1) to the course of the river of beauty originating in her face; (2) to the red ray of the rising sun, imprisoned in the dense darkness of her hair (v. 44).

Here is the figure *ullekha* in all its splendour (v. 51):

Śive śṛṅgārārdrā taditarajane kutsanaparā
Saroṣā gaṅgāyām giriśacarite vismayavatī
Harāhibhyo bhītā sarasiruhasaubhāgyajayanī
Sakhīṣu smerā te mayi janani dṛṣṭissakaruṇā.

The poet here describes the looks of the Mother. He says that they assume different *rasas* in different contexts. They love Śiva but hate others; they feel jealous of Gaṅgā, and wonder at the eye on Śiva's forehead. They fear the snakes of Hara and smile at her companions.

The *pratīpa* in the following is equally pleasing (v. 63):

Smitajyotsnājālam tava vadanacandrasya pibatām
Cakorāṇām āsīd atirasatayā cañcujaḍimā
Ataste śītāṁśoramṛtalaharīmāmlarucayaḥ
Pibanti swacchandam niśiniśi bhṛśam kañjikadhiyā.

O Mother, drinking the rays of your moon-face, *cakora* birds lost taste of it because of their over-sweetness. Therefore they are drinking the sour rays of the moon every night again and again, thinking that the moonlight is a sour juice of rice water.

Here the poet says her smiles are sweeter than the rays of the moon. *Saundaryalaharī* is a poem of suggestion as well. Many a verse in it

derives its beauty from suggestion or *dhwani*. We give but on example (v. 72):

Samam devi skandadwipavadanapītam stanayugam
Tavedam naḥ khedam haratu satatam prasnutamukham
Yadālokyāśaṅkākulitahṛdayo hāsajanakaḥ
Swakumbhau herambaḥ parimṛśati hastena jhaṭiti.

Here is a description of the breasts of the Mother. Vighneśwara, her son, the Elephant God, drinks milk at her breast and wonders whether she had stolen his humps and feels them to make sure that they are not stolen, while his parents laugh at his confusion.

Śaṅkara's treatment of erotic love deserves special mention. Whether there is truth in the anecdote that Śaṅkara learnt the art of love in order to defeat Ubhayabhāratī in debate, we have no doubt that he had studied Kāmaśāstra with great care. *Saundaryalaharī* is a living example of his mastery of the art of love. In the poem, he conceives Śakti as a world beauty (*Tripurasundarī*) and makes her the divine wife-consort of Śiva. He describes their conjugal love in several verses throbbing with the emotion of love. Maid and mother, housewife and heroine, she is portrayed in lines of haunting beauty. She is also described according to the conventions of the traditional art of love.

There is nothing, in short, in this poem which we do not find elsewhere in the erotic poetry of Sanskrit literature, and yet there is nothing in erotic Sanskrit literature to compare with it so far as the sublimation of sexual love is concerned. Passion is purged of its grossness and what is low is elevated. *Bhakti* and *śṛṅgāra* have mingled in perfect harmony. How could the poet achieve this unity? It is the style that sustains this: through it the attitude of sublimity is created. It is here that Śaṅkara excels Kālidāsa, whose description of the conjugal union of Śiva and Parvatī in his *Kumārasambhava* came under heavy fire from Abhinavagupta. In the poetry of Śaṅkara, we are never in danger of thinking that we are reading a poem about the love of a god and a goddess. We know that the poet is dealing with the cosmic power whose manifestation the universe is. We are sure that we are dealing with symbol and myth behind the erotic image. That is why the love of our First Parents does not embarrass us in Śaṅkara as it does in Kālidāsa.

Saundaryalaharī is a many-splendoured thing. Some French critics have told us that poetry is prayer. With Śaṅkara, however, the reverse is true: his prayer is poetry.

G. SRIRAMAMURTHY

FRIEDRICH V. LUSTIG

Modern Burmese Poetry

[The Most Rev. Friedrich V. Lustig (Ashin Ananda), the Buddhist Archbishop of Latvia, has spent long years in exile in Burma. In this brief article he writes appreciatively of the qualities of Burmese poetry and provides many attractive examples.—ED.]

THE POEMS OF BURMA give us an insight into the full life of the Burmese people's culture.

The world of Burmese poetry is of course a spiritual world, and for that reason Burmese poems are always fresh and are a mine of precious thoughts on a wide range of subjects. The sense of tradition rooted in hoary antiquity is there and modernism has not yet spoiled the lyrical artistry of this Land of Golden Pagodas.

With the sure stroke of their pens, the poets of this charming land vest the world of their ideas in imagery, and not only extract sounds of beauty from their melodious language, but also offer us an intuitive perception of life with infallible logic in the interpretation of its essence.

Take, for instance, Professor U E Maung's poem "To Note and to Heed":

Whether the wind of worldly motives
Blows gently or peacefully
With a pleasant breeze
Or it blows violently
With persistency and destruction
Uninterrupted in time
Attacking you from all sides,
You must make your mind
Immovable like Mount Meru
Completely unshakable.
Heed and note this well
Bind your mind firmly
And your success in life
Will then be assured.

Here the richness and incisiveness of the poet's theme is self-evident, and in the original we are struck by his superb skill in rhyming.

In the same poet's "The Exalted Morton Pagoda" every word, every detail, even the minutest, is filled with beauty.

When the orb of the sun
Looming between the clouds
Strives with all its might

To throw its earthbound arrowlike rays
All over the sky
Then wonderful is the Morton Pagoda.
The *zin* branches and *saga* flowers
Inclining their heads in salutation,
Bowing rhythmically, seem to pray:
The Bodhi-tree leaves floating in the air
As if in some state of *Jhana*
Prostrate themselves
At the foot of the Pagoda.

There is beauty in Professor U E Maung's heart and beauty in his lyrical creation. His is the spiritual awareness of a great artist.

With equal ability for synthesis and analysis, the outstanding Burmese poets are truthful and convincing in their compositions. They bring their psychological experience to their work and tend to open up new and broad horizons for all mankind. Susceptible to all the impressions of life, the Burmese poets have above all faith in their own judgement.

The loftiness and consistency of national heroes, the wisdom of the Buddha, the majestic mountains silhouetted in the distance, the smoky-bluish forests or the lush green jungle, the translucent horizons, a parade of all the facets of peasantry's life, human love, and love of life — such are the themes that inspire the composers of Burmese poetry. Imaginative and emotional, they develop the forms of expression most appropriate to their needs, but they do so with poetic fire and great dramatic power.

Zaw Gyi, that real wizard of good rhyme, often uses ordinary, everyday words, but elegance is there for everyone to see:

Gazing to the East
The Shan mountains
Look like waves.
From their tops
The mist rises
And at their feet
The fog creeps.
And one remembers that The King of Pagan
Tricked by Phwa Soe
To the Shan country fled
And there he became a monk.
Gazing to the West
The top of Mount Popa
Resembles some memorial Pagoda
Standing straight alone on the plain
And one remembers that

On top of that mountain
The ogress gave her lover—
The royal messenger—
The golden *saga* flowers.
(From ZAW GYI's "The Two Brothers")

The fine comprehension of the individual observer is expressed here in a simple, straightforward manner and without any breakaway from the standards of the past. To the genuine lover of poetry Zaw Gyi's every line gives real pleasure.

The reading habits of the general public have much to do with the appreciation of poetry. But even a public nurtured on works written in a simple conversational language can appreciate the pithiness, directness, and classic simplicity gleaming in the poems of Minthuwun. Who can frown at Minthuwun's "The Sound of the Drum"?

The sound of the drum
From the pleasant Taunggon village it comes
Is it sponsored by Daw Shwe May and U Ye Chan?
Yes, it is for the advancement of the Buddhist religion,
Excellent is the sound of the drum.
In the light of the sun
On the village road
More than ten gilt umbrellas
Make a splendid glitter of gold.
How intensely delightful
Is this row of umbrellas
When seen from afar!

Minthuwun is a classical writer in his poise and austerity. His simple laconic forms shine with cheerful sunlight. His themes are varied and rich. The interplay of imagination and intellect is discernible, but almost all of his poems quiver with the inner throb of feeling.

An unquestionably astonishing phenomenon in modern Burmese literature is Thakin Kodaw Hmaing (1875–1964), who during his long life of writing reached great heights of fame and was greatly venerated. More than once I have heard him being called the "Shakespeare of Burma." Though some of his poems are characterized by a packed density of thought, he is a superb craftsman. His experimentation in language, combined with the use of archaisms, puts him in a special place. His heart-searchings, self-lacerations, and alternations of despair and hope are truly Shakespearian. I like his "Elegy on King Thibaw":

The Sun Lord has died out in the West
And tho' I try to control my emotions

I cannot restrain this feeling of sadness.
Oh World — a real glory has vanished.
Oh Burmans — how poignant is this happening
Inauspicious event — faded is Burma's renown!
Once he fought the British —
And in the flare of hostilities.
As our kingdom declined
King and kingdom were taken away.
My eulogy of songs and poems
To the eleven Konbaung sovereigns
Teeming with quotations from royal chronicles
I write and muse —
Oh Sanda!
Oh Mandalay and surroundings
Of auspicious court fame!

Thakin Kodaw Hmaing was a poet of national awareness. Aware of the problems and conflicts of his age, he resolved to exercise an effect upon the nation's outlook and achieved much. He took what he needed from the tradition for his purposes and created a unique style by achieving a synthesis out of personal and environmental values.

His narrative style with its realistic detail is nowhere better seen than in his poem "Wedding Ceremony in Upper Burma." The poem is long, but I cannot help smiling reading the following lines:

All sorts of domestic utensils were given.
And even when I reached Thaton
I felt nostalgic for the deep earthen pan
Spoons, betel box, a small Shan bag
And a palm-leaf travelling-box
Stoen by wicked thieves at the Pegu railway station.
If all is counted, it was all that is needed
In a household — possessions which enable
One to live in a society with decorum ...

Every person sees things his own way. The most delightful thing about poetry is that it enhances and intensifies man's perceptions, and man is thus drawn on to greater activity and sensitivity. While biology stresses the animality in man, poetry stresses man's divinity and the inward strength of the human spirit. In this age of confusion and crowding doubts we can gain much from reading poems.

The concrete quality of the good and wonderfully articulate Burmese poems lies in their ability to make one feel the impetuous movement of life. No matter what the reader's state of mind is, he is caught in the

atmosphere of the poem. His imagination is seized. The pen of the great poet dominates him.

Finally, let me say that good poetry can make men more intelligent in their recognition of the many-faceted possibilities of spiritual experience and can canalize that recognition in aspiration towards the perfectibility of man.

FRIEDRICH V. LUSTIG

MONKS, for the monk who is a learner not yet come to mastery of mind, but who dwells aspiring for peace from the bond, making it a matter concerning what is outside the self, I see no other single factor so helpful as friendship with the lovely. Monks, one who is a friend of the lovely abandons the unprofitable and makes the profitable to become.

Here, monks, I discern a certain person with mind at peace to be such because I compass his thoughts with my mind; and, if at this moment this person were to make an end, he would be put just so into the heaven-world according to his deserts. What is the reason for that? His mind at peace. Indeed it is because of a mind at peace, monks, that in this way certain beings, when the body breaks up, after death arise again in the happy bourn, in the heaven-world.

—GAUTAMA THE BUDDHA

New Books and Old

A Superb Biography of Keats *

THE JACKET of this imposing volume carries an unusually lively head of Keats painted by his friend Haydon as a detail in one of his outsize Biblical canvasses. Straining forward, open-mouthed, intent of eye, here undoubtedly is Keats in action, confidently portrayed by a familiar friend. The same can be said of the textual portrait by Mr. Robert Gittings. He too presents a purposive, keen-eyed creature, masculine, vivacious, and spontaneous.

Slashing through milksop legends and effeminate pictures, this determined aspirant battles his way to knowledge and understanding, lives in the delicious humour and self-made philosophies of his letters, speaks — apart from poetical utterance — in the language of his "set" and period, bawdy and all, goes through sexual adventures, rags his friends, and bullies his publishers, without losing one grain of his sensitivity. He has a nature proud yet modest, loyal — even too loyal to his brothers who seem destined to impede him; but also to his own "soul-making" aims and high ambitions; a chameleon poet, a good medical man, with a slightly sub-normal head for finance but with no contempt for it.

How has Mr. Gittings gone about to present this living figure? The answer is — besides acute perception and the natural affinity that enables a writer of poetry to interpret his fellow poet — years of patient and tireless research, taking no statement or accepted view on trust, but hunting out origins and contemporary documents. Despite two recent full biographies from America, each holding its excellencies and inherited errors, Mr. Gittings pursued his own course, well aware that, while America holds the autograph manuscripts, the roots and sources are in England, buried here and there in dusty archives. Chancery records, wills, old law cases, parish registers, birth certificates, even the fluctuations of the stock-market, were all patiently examined. The result is much new light on Keats's origin and parental status, on the notorious family lawsuit between Keats's mother and his grandparents, on the proved innocence of some popular scapegoats. The most poignant discovery is that a substantial sum held by the court for John Keats and his brothers was never applied for because *no one knew of it.* The burden of poverty that did so much to undermine the poet's health and peace need never have been laid on him.

So much for a very brief summary of facts. The deeper excellence lies in a living portrayal of Keats's character and poetic sense that seems almost to emanate from within the poet. Mr. Gittings has a gift for discerning influences relative to the dawning and development of the individual Keats that approaches the occult and uncanny. Yet there is no fancy here, and little theory; only a luminous perception of the way Keats felt and reacted to certain stimuli. The Wordsworthian, Spenserian, and other poetic inspirations are known; but there are local landscapes that have crept into Arcadian settings, and transmutations into verse from other arts.

Take, as a sole example, "The Eve of St. Agnes" — a romance that was never my first favourite. But how its colour and texture are enriched here! Three little-known French romances

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* *John Keats.* By ROBERT GITTINGS. (Heinemann Educational Books Ltd., London. 469 pp. 1968, Illustrated, 63*s*.)

strengthen and enlarge Boccacio's theme. The poem glows with pictorial imagery; and one particular fresco, seen by Keats as a print in Haydon's studio, helps to define its whole philosophy of contrast between young love and mouldering death, which had already heavily marked the poet's own youth. In this fourteenth-century Pisan fresco of *The Triumph of Death* gay parties, hunting or playing musical instruments, are confronted with the horrors of decay and devilry, of rotting corpses and winged menacing demons. Hence in the poem the old folks' nightmare, when the lovers are fled, "Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm" is invested with a meaning all too vivid to its creator who was to grow obsessed with death until it claimed him in his twenty-sixth year.

Such luminous felicities crowd the pages of this superb biography. Mr. Gittings has lived with Keats to such good purpose that he seems to write from the poet's heart and intellect, and with all his comic, tragic, and ironic awareness.

A final word on the feast of illustrations never before assembled in a life of Keats. Here (beside a gallery of friends and relatives) are twin pictures of his publishers Taylor and Hessey, by the same artist but now in separate hands; facsimile autographs from Yale and Harvard; and fine contemporary prints of town and country associations, not forgetting, any more than the text does, that Keats was shaped by his medical training long after he had ceased to be a surgeon's dresser at Guy's Hospital.

SYLVA NORMAN

The Mind and the Spirit of India. By N. K. DEVARAJ. (Motilal Banarsidass, Delhi. 403 pp. 1967. Rs. 20.00)

This is a critical, objective, scholarly, and at times an "agnostic" approach to the study of Indian culture, its characteristics, history, and achievements, by a liberal, open-minded student of philosophy, who has already given us a boon on *Śaṅkara's Theory of Knowledge*. This book is ambitious in its scope and prolix in its execution. The style is readable and very popular. One is struck by the author's skill in drawing upon ancient scriptures, philosophical texts, and literary classics to establish his thesis and conclusions. Those who do not agree with the author will describe the citations as interested samples.

Dr. Devaraj's approach is not propagandist and is that of a social scientist. Indian culture is not all spiritual; for it has a firm and remarkable basis in its achievement in the fine arts, forms of government, and social institutions. Shri Humayun Kabir, in a highly informative four-page foreword to the book, packed with details, sums up the composite nature of Indian culture by drawing up an inventory of its borrowings from and contributions to world thought. Shri Kabir laments that Dr. Devaraj

> might have drawn attention to a lack of sensitiveness about social and political wrongs. Injustice has not generally invoked among Indians the sense of righteous indignation which moved some of the Hebrew prophets. We also miss except in some rare cases the single-minded devotion with which Christian missionaries have sought to alleviate human suffering. Nor do we find any institutional expression of a sense of brotherhood and justice which gives strength and solidarity to communities professing Islam.

To say the least, it is difficult to agree with this comparative assessment of Hinduism with other religions. The pages of the volume themselves answer the criticism.

The chapters on "Aesthetic Consciousness and Enjoyment" and "Pursuit of Wealth, Power and Glory" are substantial. The reflections on philosophical problems in Chapter VII could have been more compact and precise.

The book is miscellaneous fare and one finds it difficult to see the unity. Chapter VIII is a fine collection of "wit and wisdom" in Indian thought culled from different books in Sanskrit literature and classics. In short, the book gives the reader a general idea of the central character of Indian culture with the help of extracts from the Indian scriptures and other literature.

The one-page-long corrigenda could have been avoided with careful proof-reading.

P. N. R.

The Yogi and the Devotee: The Interplay between the Upanishads and Catholic Theology. By NINIAN SMART. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 174 pp. 1968. 30*s*.)

Professor Smart's title might mean anything. It is rightly controlled by the descriptive sub-title: the interplay between the Upanishads and Catholic Theology. Like the well-instructed disciple of the Gospel he has brought out from the treasure-house things new and old, for, while very old-fashioned in taking "natural theology" seriously, he is very up to date in the view expressed in the Preface: "Since we are slowly moving towards an international culture, it is wise, no doubt, to reflect about the future of faiths." On both counts he deserves close attention.

The book, developed from tape-recordings of lectures delivered in Delhi and Calcutta in 1964, presents a close-knit and reasoned argument the following of which is facilitated by the novel method of numbering each section according to chapter and paragraph. A long analysis of the main Indian systems points to the importance of religious experience in the Indian tradition. While not ignoring current debates there is a homogeneity here which can hardly be traced in the discussion of Natural Theology in the Western tradition, with its universalist and particularist strains, so that "those who are generously and intelligently capable of entering into dialogue with Hinduism are also, as Christians, in alliance with those who are narrow and intolerant in their attitudes" (p. 95). Yet Professor Smart is not discouraged from exploring the possibility of a Sanskrit theology for Christianity, finding a better basis in Hindu theism than in the philosophical theology of Aquinas. The very interesting discussion of Transcendence and Indian Theism argues that, in India, a fruitful approach to a natural theology of religious experience for Christians is through Ramanuja's interpretation of Vedanta.

Even so there remains the intractable particularity of biblical "salvation-history" challenging the thesis of Religious Unity and requiring some account of *what is the truth* to which religions point. Professor Smart is not concerned to reach a conclusion but to point a direction especially for Christian thinking in India, and in the concluding "Redressing the Balance" he suggests that certain insights from the treasury of Indian ideas have importance in that they stress elements often neglected in the Christian tradition of the West. There is a great deal here reminiscent of some of the more liberal thinking among Western scholars at the turn of the century. Since then there has been a great failure of nerve in traditional Christendom and the emergence of the Indian Church in the new freedom age. Whether these factors have been a conscious influence or not they may well have contributed to this treatment that is so much more positive and forward-looking than is the case in earlier gropings towards dialogue. There is much in general, and in detail, which can be challenged, and Professor Smart, the last man to want to sew up an argument, will hope that it will be; for, as he concludes, the worth of his ideas is "to be seen ultimately in the living social dialogue between men of good faith."

MARCUS WARD

Minoan Crete. By H. F. L. MELLERSH. (Life in Ancient Lands Series. Evans Brothers Ltd., London. 143 pp. Illustrated. 14 Colour Plates. 1967. 35*s*.)

Minoan Crete provides a plentiful source for the maker of a picture-book, but remains a difficult oyster for the ancient historian to open. The landscapes, the palaces, the frescoes, the pottery, the seal-rings, and so forth, are here generously represented, well reproduced, and commented upon with as much freshness as could be reasonably expected. But when we have duly admired the naked bosoms of the women and the slender waists of the men, the charging bulls and the somersaulting athletes, we are left with a feeling of frustration, and of emptiness, which even the cracking of the riddle of Linear B does nothing to dispel. We already knew that the Minoans were materially wealthy, and this the writing confirms, but what made their civilization tick is still obscure.

When discovered Minoan Crete was written up as the first truly European civilization, and the tendency still is to stress this point of view. But what did it stand for? Mr. Mellersh, in the absense of better information, exploits a crude geographical determinism:

> Inhabitants of such lands [i.e., Greece and Crete] are liable to grow not only hardy but independent and individualistic. (p. 11)

> A people who hold trees in reverence and who among trees perform their ritual ceremonies, whose temple is in fact a grove of trees, are likely to be relatively free-minded and open-hearted people in their religion, not unduly overrun or overawed by priests. (p. 108)

This is sad stuff. Mr. Mellersh is right to urge that the Cretans seem to have managed their island well, to have exploited the land and harvested the sea, to have built fine cities and adorned them with delicate taste. Of the many cultures derived from the older civilizations of the Near East the Cretan is notable for its grace and freshness, but lacking, so far as we can judge, in spiritual or intellectual greatness. It does not do to exaggerate their contribution to Europe. "The Dorians learnt from the Mycenaeans and the Mycenaeans learnt from the Minoans. Much in the process would be forgotten. ... But much would be inherited, to become finally the heritage of modern Europe" (p. 136). But did Europe really derive anything from Crete without which it would not be Europe? The discovery of Minoan Crete by Sir Arthur Evans is one of the romances of archaeology, but our debt to Crete weighs precious little in comparison with our debt to Athens, to Jerusalem, to Babylon, or to the cities of the Nile.

B. FARRINGTON

The Hebrew People: A History of the Jews from Biblical Times to the Present Day. By JOSEPHINE KAMM. (Victor Gollancz Ltd., London. 224 pp. Illustrated. Maps. 1967. 25*s*.)

The tragically well-worn history of the Jews is here retold in a pleasant vein, if without any novelty in research. It covers the same ground as, say, Lady Magnus's *Outlines of Jewish History*, and could well serve as an introduction, especially for those too frequent Gentiles who are woefully ignorant of the Hebrew story. The author of many books, for the young and others, Miss Kamm has wide interests in social and educational problems, and this is apparent in her humane vision.

From Judaea and the Hasmoneans to modern Israel, she relates the extraordinary history with no excessive pride. The facts speak for themselves. She distinguishes accurately between the varying degrees and types of "freedom" obtained by the Jews in different lands in the last two centuries: she rightly stresses Jewry's "Golden Ages" in Persia and Spain, as also its tragic fate to

be the innocent pawn, the *tertia dolens*, between two or more conflicting Gentile powers. She is frank equally about the aggressions of John Hyrcanus and the fact that the money-lending role of medieval Jews was largely forced on them by rapacious Christian overlords. Inevitably, too, we read of the perpetual hostility among Jewish groups — Sephardim versus Ashkenazim, Orthodox against Liberal against Reform: in this the Jewish community is like every other. A small omission is any mention of the long-established Jewish colony at Cochin, where anti-Semitism (a "Christian" vice) is of course unknown. The book was finished during the recent Arab-Jewish war, and, as expected, Miss Kamm shows scant understanding of the feelings of Arabs, resident in Palestine for twelve centuries.

This welcome volume is accompanied by numerous, well-chosen photographs, many — alas — portraying Gentile inhumanity towards an indestructible people.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

Those Incredible Christians: A New Look at the Early Church. By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD. (Hutchinson and Company Ltd., London. xx+266 pp. 1968. 32*s*. 6*d*.)

This is an over-confident book. It is surprising how Dr. Schonfield draws hard and fast conclusions, and writes about them as self-evident, upon historic evidence which in the very nature of things is meagre. His theme is that the Christian religion developed from its beginning through historical circumstance and human limitations just as, presumably, other religions have done, and not through any miraculous guidance or revelation. This is, of course, an acceptable theme and a rational interpretation of what evidence there is, but Dr. Schonfield imposes upon it a historic scheme of his own with confidence in nearly every assertion.

He supposes — and many scholars are with him — that there was an important distinction among the early Christians between those who were strictly Jews and remained such in spite of their Christianity, and the Gentiles. The former were under the leadership of Peter, and the latter were followers of Paul. He develops through such material as there is the conflict between these opposing bodies which resulted in the triumph of Paul — and again many scholars are with him.

But curiously enough Jesus of Nazareth does not much come into the picture; contemporary Jewish belief and the personal theology of Paul do. It is reasonable enough, of course, to suppose that there were many theological conflicts among the early "incredible Christians"; but it is also reasonable enough to suppose that without Jesus of Nazareth there would have been no Christianity — and upon the evidence of the first three Gospels, late though they be, the historic Jesus played an overwhelming part in the foundation of Christianity.

This has a bearing upon the suggestion that Dr. Schonfield, a Jewish scholar, makes at the end of his book: Jew and Christian should unite in recovering "the Messianic impetus initiated by the Jew Jesus." True, Jew and Christian should unite and a good many other people with them also. But it has not been Messianism that in the long run has preserved Christianity; it is the ordinary man's association with someone like himself, only removed ideally and immeasurably beyond him.

That too, if the Gospels are to be accredited as historic documents, was present among the early Christians, and Dr. Schonfield almost totally ignores it.

E. G. LEE

Portrait of a Man Standing. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 168 pp. 1968. 30*s*.)

This brilliantly perceptive essay, of small quantity and great quality, is written in the form of the cross; as perhaps all true and universal parables are, since they comprise a "horizontal" story-line about life as we know it in time, and a "vertical" line of spiritual and eternal meaning, rooted in the earth, yet reaching for the heavens, whose point of intersection is "reality now."

Señor de Madariaga writes here of three particular experiments in the Great Laboratory, characterizing them as the "tree" (the vegetable and immobile vertical), the "cow" (the animal but mobile horizontal), and the "treed" cow, or man (animal and mobile, but again vertical), who subsumes in himself and his life the other two, being a "horizontal" creature of the herd, yet one who can, and in egregious instances does, aspire heavenwards; and whenever he does so, begins to fulfil his Creator's purposes in him.

Señor de Madariaga uses this parabolic key for the examination of many of man's activities and institutions, religious, nationalistic, scientific, artistic, and political, and does so with wit, compassion, and unfailing insight. His brief essay becomes as enlightened and enlightening an analysis of the contemporary human situation (and predicament) as anything the present reviewer has read for a long time; so that he hopes that it will become as widely known as it deserves, and will make many other readers as grateful for it as he is. For a notice as short as this cannot begin to do justice to it as a revelatory document concerning many things; for instance, the difference and the relationship, in nature and in function, between the "how" scientist and the "why-what" scientist, or between talent and genius in the creative arts, or between institutional religion and the religious man, or between evolution as it is generally understood and evolution as a real potentiality in man. The book is full of examples, and is itself an overall example, of the truth as it is reached by imaginative understanding, set over against "the facts" as they are seen by the empirical methods of "weighing and measuring."

Many years ago W. H. Auden summarized this book (take his meaning how you will):

> Let us honour if we can
> The vertical man
> Though we value none
> But the horizontal one.

R. H. WARD

Life on a Small Planet: A Philosophy of Value. By HOWARD RICHARDS. (Philosophical Library, New York. 171 pp. 1966. $4.50)

The book has a simple title but has as its sub-title *A Philosophy of Value*. It is a serious book, but very unconventional in its treatment of a very serious subject. It poses four questions: Does Value Exist? Is Value Real? Is Man Alone? and Under What Conditions Does Value Exist? The author quotes half critically a statement of Ludwig Wittgenstein: "We feel that even if all possible scientific questions were answered, still our deepest problems would remain untouched." The meaning of this becomes clear when the author asserts a few pages later that "Value is what it is ... is only itself," though the structure of value has scientific and other overtones. *Prima facie*, this attitude implies a repudiation of intelligence; but he recognizes that intelligence is necessary as any thesis has to be subjected to criticism.

The author's treatment of an intrinsically abstruse problem is original inasmuch as he has recourse to literary masterpieces like D. H. Lawrence's

poem on "Fish" and quotes from Muriel Rukeyser, Marcel Proust, Kenneth Patchen, and Henry Thoreau. This lends a significant charm to his discussion of the question: Is Man Alone? *Prima facie,* man can never be alone, placed as he is in a solid material environment of men and things. But the experience of mystics all over the world goes to show that man at his best needs to be alone to discover himself at his best. Even so earth-bound a philosopher as Nietzsche has this hankering for loneliness in his well-known lines:

Einseimkeit, Einseimkeit,
Du meine Heimat, Einseimkeit.

He finds his home in loneliness.

Altogether the book is a valuable addition to the growing literature on the philosophy of Value, since the concept of Value is made to live with flesh and bones.

A. R. WADIA

Science, Philosophy and ESP. By CHARLES MCCREERY. Foreword by Professor H. H. PRICE. (Faber and Faber, London. 199 pp. 1967. 32*s.* 6*d.*)

Charles McCreery is Research Officer at the Institute of Psycho-physical Research, Oxford, and the theory he suggests is based on its work on extra-sensory perception (ESP) and telekinesis (PK). Part I covers four cases in some detail. In Part II — following William James's pointer about the correlation of bodily change with mental modifications — the author suggests testable hypotheses for ESP and PK, considers the evidence, and predicts the outcome of the tests. He is most interested in the "unconflictedness" and involuntary attention of conscious ESP states, which are nearest to "normal" psychological ones, about which data is already available through electro-physiological techniques. Electro-encephalogram (EEG) records show the alpha brain rhythm as the dominant one in normal adults, and that attention without effort or distraction accelerates it, as do yogic meditation techniques. The effect on it of hallucinogens, stimulants, and depressive drugs are also considered.

Mr. McCreery predicts that EEG records will show slightly accelerated alpha rhythm with conscious ESP activity. He considers similarly other brain waves, muscle-tone, alveolar carbon dioxide pressure, respiration in general, and diurnal fluctuations in ESP activity. The predictions are all concerned with the correlation of the above physiological variables with the degree of ESP success. Mr. McCreery claims that identifying the ESP states thus objectively enables the underlying mechanisms to be studied. This will give answers not only to the question of *when* ESP occurs, but also of *how* it occurs (or *what* is occurring).

The book includes much informative and interesting matter, but appears over-optimistic in the idea that physiological techniques will lead to the understanding of causations. (What is ignored or rejected by modern science is the "hypothesis" of the inner counterpart, the "astral body," with a far wider range of senses and capacities than the physical body.) Examination of a wireless set for the optimum conditions of performance will not, in itself, disclose *what* the performers are going to broadcast, nor the techniques of broadcasting, still less *why* such and such a programme, good, evil, or trivial, has been given. Parapsychology needs a broader basis of philosophy, and, in this, Mr. McCreery's title is a misnomer. To use Charles Kingsley's delightful nicknames for Science and Philosophy, "Madam How" is served by the present research, up to a point, but "Lady Why" has not yet appeared upon the scene.

E. WHITE

Crisis in Consciousness: Commentaries on Love, Life and Death and Other Matters. By ROBERT POWELL. (James Clarke and Co. Ltd., London. 199 pp. 1967. 25*s*.)

This book contains a number of independent essays which appeared in various journals, including THE ARYAN PATH. The author sets forth his ideas, which are chiefly derived from Krishnamurti and the Zen tradition of Buddhism. He rightly maintains that it is impossible to change one's outer attitude to Reality without a fundamental change of the inner. The miracle of meditation as true creativity is experienced as the ending of one thing and the beginning of another. As Krishnamurti expressed it: "You can only find everything if you abandon everything." Continuing this theme the author goes on to say: "In order to go beyond thought I have to go strenuously with thought as far as it will go." This practice is said to lead to the Silent Mind as opposed to the mind driven by desire. The author stresses the need to realize that the analytical mind can only function mechanically, and that it can never bring understanding.

It will be evident that this approach to Reality is a way best suited to the intellectual type, and in his chapter entitled "Must We Have Religious Societies?" the author, who has been somewhat scathing about organized religious traditions, finally has the humility to accept the fact that there are still many who need them. He might have added that humanity has many approaches to the Divine, of which the purely intellectual is but one.

EDWARD THORNTON

Freedom at Stake. By PETER ARCHER and LORD REAY. (A Background Book. National Academy, Delhi. 111 pp. 1967. Rs. 2.00)

This is a small book on a big subject — individual freedom and human rights — but in a brief compass the authors have indicated the handicaps and restraints under which the individual can exercise his freedom and the impediments confronting those standing for human rights. The thesis of the booklet is that the freedom of the individual in any political system, from the most systematic tyranny to the most enlightened democracy, is caught up in an impersonal administrative machinery and that, unless he is assured both of formal safeguards and of the sympathy of vigilant neighbours, the consequences may be tragic.

The authors agree that living in communities in itself imposes restrictions on individual freedom, but they can become intolerable when a powerful administrative machinery is given power to interpret the laws, ostensibly in the interests of the community. Theoretically, in a democracy the community can enforce accountability of the administration through the ballot box. But the control may not be effective because, necessarily, the official machinery can always exercise a great deal of discretion. Ultimately, as Mr. Archer says, human rights have no safeguard but human compassion, and their life-blood is the humanity of those who administer and of the public which chooses the administrators.

There can be infractions of the rights and liberties of communities and nations as there are of individuals. Unbridled national sovereignty entails two possibilities — it may mean the freedom of one nation to endanger that of others either by military or economic action and the freedom of the national government to oppress its own subjects. There are, no doubt, international organizations to protect the freedom of nations from violation through aggression and encroachment, such as the United Nations, the Commission on Human Rights, the Court of International Justice, and the General Agreement on

Tariffs and Trade. The existence of these organizations, however, does not by itself yield positive results unless they overcome the limitations imposed by the exercise of national sovereignty, which has not been easy, and the protection they could give so far has thus been very limited, though the position is improving.

The theoretical discussion of limitations on individual and national freedom is followed by studies of the viewpoints on these matters of some countries, for example, the United Kingdom, the United States, and the Soviet Union on the one side and Ghana, South Africa, and Portugal on the other; and the variations between theory and practice in these two sets of countries are explained. Mr. Peter Archer is the author of the major part of the book, and Lord Reay contributes the chapters on Portugal and Ghana.

C. V. H. RAO

Chalanshuddhi or Nature Forging Towards Sarvodaya. By APPA PATWARDHAN. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 127 pp. 1967. Rs. 2.25)

In this book the author has dealt in overwhelming detail with a scheme for the reform or purification of currency which has been under discussion by unorthodox economists for the last seventy years and the theory of which has also been developing and changing in form. The claim that a change in the priniciple of currency can achieve a revolution and bring about equality, however, presents a difficulty: it is an accepted principle that from its very nature a government cannot initiate a revolution, and any change in currency laws must be initiated by government. Thus it would appear that unless and until circumstances intentionally or accidentally force a change, the change is not likely to be effected.

From the historical point of view the author traces logically and in great detail the growth of the necessity for, and the development of, a standard currency for exchange of goods within and between nations. The adoption of storable currency produced the evils of hoarding and of sale of land — i.e., the capitalist system.

It is claimed that through depreciation of currency or *chalanashuddhi* the evils of hoarding and interest can be abolished. Currency notes are perishable, and have to be periodically exchanged for new. The author claims that the average life of a note is not more than one year. The cost of printing, distribution, and destruction is realized in the form of taxation, which distributes the cost of maintaining paper currency unfairly. A depreciating currency (say at the rate proposed, 6 per cent per annum) would ensure that this cost is borne in proportion to the use of currency. The theory is that at the end of the year all currency notes should be surrendered and new notes issued to 94 per cent of their value. The weekly (or in case of high-denomination notes, daily) rate of depreciation should be fixed and widely publicized by Government, or it might be printed on the reverse of the note. This depreciation of currency would ensure the government of a considerable regular income, which would remove the necessity of levying many petty and irritating taxes. Money deposited in a bank would also not earn interest. But in the case of society they would be exempt from renewal charges This system would nullify the capitalist system with its concomitant evils of interest and rent.

The writer carries the suggestion some steps forward in advance of previous thinkers, by suggesting the combination of *chalanashuddhi* with interest-free *takavi* (loans) by government, which in villages would enable sold-out peasants to purchase land, or in towns, tenants to purchase the houses they inhabit. It is claimed that through the latter course, unearned incomes being abolished and capital being steadily diminished, we can escape from the

capitalist system with its evil of unearned income into the day of earned incomes veering towards equality.

Thus this method can steadily achieve a non-violent revolution, it is claimed, which cannot be effected by any other revolutionary system, either at present brought into practice or still in the form of theory. It is true that so far revolutions have been mainly "red" revolutions, which may have induced also some more-or-less non-violent changes in neighbouring countries, but none of these revolutionist countries have considered *chalanashuddhi* as a non-violent and satisfactory aid in the development of an egalitarian society. It is claimed that the Sarvodaya society, the creation of which is the aim of the Gramdan movement, is only possible as a result of *chalanashuddhi*.

It is true that the theory of *chalanashuddhi* is in every way compatible with the type of non-violent egalitarian society which the Sarvodaya movement aims at developing, but it appears that the passing by a capitalist government of laws leading to *chalanashuddhi* as a means of non-violent revolution, is rather too much to expect until the change of heart and of system aimed at by Sarvodaya has become effective.

In any case, even if such laws were passed before the creation of such a non-violent equalitarian society, the element of violence (force or coercion) involved in the passage of all laws in a party-governed democracy would be inherent there also. This could be effected non-violently only in a society based from root (village) to apex (city) on a system of consensus as envisaged by the Sarvodaya ideology. It therefore seems that this reform in currency could confirm and consolidate rather than create an equalitarian non-violent society.

There are a few printing errors in the book, and the style is slightly heavy. The frequent repetition of intricate and even boring details makes the book somewhat tiring reading for one who is not a fanatic believer in the power of *chalanashuddhi* to effect a non-violent economic revolution. It is, however, a book which should be seriously read and considered by economists. As claimed by the writer, historical, economic, and social developments *have* been very definitely linked with and even made possible by development in the means of exchange. These may have been automatic, but currency changes in the scientific age should be scientifically planned and executed, not haphazard developments or chance necessities.

SARALA DEVI

BALDOON DHINGRA

Leaves from a Vernazza Diary

[Shri Baldoon Dhingra's reflections start from the upheaval in France last May.—ED.]

IN THIS BEAUTIFUL LITTLE TOWN of Vernazza, sun-spangled and sea-girt, the air is light, the water soft, and the people full of mirth and melody. The buildings in these narrow, ascending lanes are of red brick, the shutters all green; with not a trace of modern technological monstrosities to disturb the inward peace of the eye. To cap it all, not a car is to be seen; for these narrow, circuitous pathways and the winding stairs, not unlike those of Venice, make cars impossible; so that one can walk here, there, and in the main street without the fear of being mown down by some careless motorist.

I have been able to collect my thoughts and reflect in tranquillity on the French revolution of May, one that I lived through from its start to

dramatic finish. Has it finished, though? Or has it only begun? What was it all about? I used often to walk to the Odéon and to the Sorbonne, talking to the young men, and saw many familiar faces, not excepting on two occasions Jean-Louis Barrault and Madeleine Renaud, to whom we all owe much for the success of so many theatrical seasons.

It would be idle to talk about the student revolution as if it were merely a clumsy attempt to reduce things to ashes, to smash anything that stood in the way of reform, of replacing an outmoded, worn-out system of education, by something that had some meaning today. I could not help agreeing with Jean Guehenno, who has passed his life, as I always seem to be doing in my itinerant way, in universities: it is the spirit of the University that has to be changed, why one is there, what it is for, to bring about a real revolution which concerns men, people, the inner life, joy, and dignity. Marguerite Youcencar's new novel, *L'œuvre au Noir*, tells of a man, Zénon, who says he has an appointment with a man elsewhere. When asked who this other man is, Zénon replies: "Myself." One can hardly help recalling the words of Comte: without some new spiritual influence, our age, which is a revolutionary age, will produce a new catastrophe.

But as I write these lines, sitting in a little apartment in 10 Via Mazzini, I am also thinking of what Mazzini said: any individual may rebel against any right in another which is injurious to him, and the sole judge left between the adversaries is force. Having said this, Mazzini cannot help questioning: Are we to have no new bond of universal fraternity? No recognized and accepted conception of a general providential law? For to Mazzini man had burst the bonds of a worn-out religious form that restrained his activity.

The young people of today will not accept the notion of progress based only on technological advance and on the "instrumentalities of death." They also agree that the "pursuit of happiness" — a phrase enshrined in the American Declaration of Independence — has turned, in the words of a thinking American, into "the happiness of pursuit." Almost everything one touches today points to the thrill of running away from this or that aspect of life or responsibility, of chasing — and of eventually becoming bored! The word *ennui* seems to sum it up. It was almost prophetic, in a way, that *Le Monde* had an editorial some weeks before the Revolution in May with the title "*Ennui.*" And that remarkable cartoonist Sempe, of the weekly *Express,* has been at pains to show in his "*La Vie Moderne*" the terrible boredom of the age. He shows people going round in circles, running madly hither and thither. For we have, as W. N. Davies said: "no time to stand and stare." And when people do escape to some mountain or seaside resort, hoping they will have time to stare at the stars and the blue waters of the sea, they run into people who are running away from themselves.

Now this may seem irrelevant, but it is not really; for the young men of today, whatever appears to the contrary, want to be involved, to participate, to be made to feel that they have a part in the world which is being shaped for them by rules laid down by people who cannot have any inkling of what tomorrow may bring. They are seeing everywhere the collapse of those comforting proprieties that are the fabric of civilization. They are wearied of the leaders who are lost in the mechanics of rationality and the pseudo-myths of science. What else do they see but violence and nihilism lauded and paraded, and sex shorn of all surrender and giving? In their own way the young have been trying to find a meaning of their own, without the parrot-phrases which their elders keep repeating. When they see that men of peace like the Kennedys and saints like Martin Luther King are done to death, they feel they will have none of this society.

Novelists and thinkers have been warning for several decades now that man is "at the end of his tether," that the world of *1984* is already upon us, that this is the "Twenty-fifth Hour," and, more recently, books like *The Human Ape* tell us that man is just a puny creature except when, in rare moments, he is touched by Divine Grace, and that *The Biological Time Bomb,* again man's creation, could just about finish everything. And what about the strangely prophetic words of Henry Adams at the turn of the century? At the present rate of progression, he wrote, it will not need another century, or half-century, to tip thought upside down. Law in that case would disappear as theory or *a priori* principle and give place to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence. Disintegration would overcome integration.

Now young people today know all about this; they also feel that they want to find a meaning in life, much as Dr. Frankl, commenting on the pursuit of happiness as an ideal:

> I fear I must contradict your Declaration of Independence. Pursuit of happiness seems to be self-defeating ... Happiness and pleasure are side-effects, destroyed precisely to the extent that they are aimed at.

I would be appearing to hold a brief for the young. I do. In fact, when it comes to fundamental issues, the young prefer the simplest of language, provided they are sure you are not preaching. Preaching is one thing, in no matter what form, they cannot stomach. How is it that so many extremely brilliant young people, who have had about enough of human automats, find their peace among the simplest of the simple? I am thinking of young friends of mine like Mathieu Ricard, who has three times been to remote places in the Himalayas and returned, after sitting at the feet of the silent ones, a better scientist. This is also true of his mother, the well-known artist, Yahne le Toumelin. She is satisfied that she and her son are finding themselves. And there is the other artist and his wife, both young, Marc and Vareenka Olivier, who do not wish to escape from themselves or the happiness of pursuit. And what about the young student Brigette Michael who started with the student revolution and then found that, owing to the influx of other elements, rowdy and noisome, it was taking on the colour of a charade?

This revolution is one that cries aloud for all manner of inner transformation, nothing less. If more and more young men are seeking Eastwards, they are really seeking their inner resources, which have been lost and which are still to be found in remote parts of the world. But above all, people in the West, young men and women, are more and more certain now than at any other time that the real revolution is not to be had by changing institutions by violent means — their violence is only a protest — but by finding, as Zénon seems to have found, a means to talk to his other self. Now this revolution is quite different from the revolutions of 1789, 1840, 1917, and others that have occurred in different parts of the world: changing institutions like changing clothes. The revolution in which the young would like to play a part — they do not know how — is one in which the inner man is sought.

Young men want men of vision, men who are at peace with themselves, not Grand Inquisitors. And what they seem to get, cast in a new mould, are Grand Inquisitors merely. There are all manner of Grand Inquisitors among leaders, politicians, men who want this or that Kingdom. This is true, as so many have recently pointed out, of great writers too: men like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, men who are "reformed Grand, anarchist Inquisitors." In a recent review, in *Manas,* this point has been well brought home.

Inquisitors are not unlike prophets who see only one way out, *their* way; not many ways, not the middle way, but just one single way. You are either with

me or against me. Recently many young people have been crying out for the mystic way, that of a thousand-petalled lotus.

During my many talks with young people that is what appeared to emerge. It seems the dogmatic path, the path of any dictator, of any colour, is out. And yet they see all around them but the path of the Caesars and the Grand Inquisitors. A resistance to leaders of no matter what shape or size brings forth violence. It is a vicious circle: one form of violence brings forth another. Meanwhile, the men of peace, if they preach a remedy in a violent world, are killed or just keep silent.

Why have students spoken so vociferously about sweeping away and scrapping everything, destroying all? Because whatever they see around them is fragmented. They want to have a glimpse of the cosmic scene, if that is possible, and education to be of a piece, not one of bits and pieces. They want to belong to others and to themselves and not to unfeeling objects. They know that no establishments and systems today can, all being themselves fractured, think in terms of man and the cosmos. They want to go down to fundamentals, to a rethinking of everything which the "modern world" has held dear for a couple of hundred years or more. The French revolution of May and similar upheavals the world over are a call for a total revolution in all spheres of knowledge, to a re-interpretation of all human and spiritual values in the context of the modern world. Nothing less. We have to make a beginning: among the sacred edifices that need to be levelled down to Mother Earth, and re-thought-out is the Temple of Progress. Other rationalizations and human conceits could then follow suit.

BALDOON DHINGRA

Ends and Sayings

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

The National Association of Parish Councils (the latter perhaps the nearest approach that the West has to the Indian *Panchayats*) celebrated its twenty-first birthday, in the summer of 1968, in many parts of the U.K. The little quarterly *The Village* (Summer 1968), published by the National Council of Social Service (N.C.S.S.), devoted an article by C. Arnold-Baker to this "Coming-of-Age." The Association, non-political in character, grew out of a N.C.S.S. advisory service to parish councils during the last war, and the member councils have now risen in number to 6,500, with a vast variety of types — rural, mining, industrial, suburban. They draw upon all classes in the communities, so that "the result is an association whose personalities reflect an extraordinary width of outlook." The Association provides information, advice, insurance, and the means of intercommunication, and also organizes pressure upon the government for legislative reforms. It holds that

> the larger the other sorts of authority the more important it becomes to keep something representing smallness and intimacy in the system. This view is achieving constantly wider acceptance.

In fact it is being urged that the same thing is badly needed in larger towns also.

Among *The Village*'s other articles,

aligned to village needs and interests, is a description of the regeneration of the Lancashire landscape from the slag heaps, derelict buildings, and other legacies of the industrial revolution — a fine piece of self-help. There is a lesson here, since the world-wide revolts against the "authorities" for their dehumanizing, over-centralized administration indicate how great is the human need for personal interest and concern, as well as responsibility in one's own field of action. Yet it is the proportionate combination of "opposites" (the individual and the group) that is the effective factor for results. The village, like the family, is a basic unit. It is good there should be a publication for its interests.

Two pitiful and horrifying articles — all the more so for their objective style — in the *Sunday Telegraph,* London (30 June and 7 July 1968) are titled "Subhumans for Sacrifice." The subheading reads:

> We are giving them diseases of the heart, the lungs and the mind, hooking them on heroin, bombarding them with X-rays. The variety of experiment is wide. Does the end — the saving of life and relief of suffering in man — justify the means? Michael Pearson explores the extent of the traffic in animals whose misfortune is to be almost human.

Mr. Pearson asks the key question, "Does man have a right to inflict pain or extreme discomfort in the cause of knowledge?" and prophesies that "the role played in our lives by the Subhumans will continue to grow."

"Ends and Sayings," August 1966, mentioned a valuable little leaflet, *Is the Laboratory Animal Obsolete?,* which listed various substitutes for animals in medical research. This has now been revised, with additional matter, and it is planned to have it translated into French, German, and Italian. Copies may be had from the Promoters of Animal Welfare, c/o Dr. C. E. Foister, 18 Manor Close, Great Horkesley, Colchester, Essex, England. All funds received go directly into publicity, there being no overheads, salaries, or expense accounts. Their *Progress Report* (July 1968) refers to helpful newspaper articles; to contacts with other organizations, abroad as in U.K.; to approaches to governmental departments, e.g., to Ministers of Health in the Australian States. India has responded well. The Committee for the Purpose of Controlling and Supervising Experiments on Animals, Bombay, has now taken, in all, 1,500 leaflets, for distribution to all Research Institutes and elsewhere in India, and has asked to be informed of future developments. Various Animal and Anti-Vivisection Societies in Britain have contributed to the cost of distributing the leaflet to schools and for general publicity. The United Action for Animals, Inc., of New York is cooperating, especially in fighting the unnecessary suffering for animals involved in toxicity testing for drug research. This is a cause that merits support.

In an article "On Killing Animals" (*The Humanist,* July 1968), Professor Hans Elias writes:

> ... every time my profession demands of me the sacrifice of an animal, I do it with the greatest possible gentleness, and insist that my staff proceed likewise. Every time, however, after having committed such a murder, I am filled with remorse. As a result, I have reduced the number of killings to the absolute minimum.

He suggests one alternative to the use of animals in biological studies. Biology students should be educated in "interspecific ethics" to prevent thoughtless cruelty. In many cases observation alone is sufficient. Similarly, he writes, the thoughtless brutality involved in killing animals for food — despite "humane" slaughter methods — is not necessary. He does not mention factory farming; yet a film on Anglia television (*The Guardian,* 16 July 1968) showing "examples of intensive pig, egg, broiler,

milk and calf production in Germany, Italy and Holland" is likely to reactivate the battle against such practices. It is a fight between profit and humane treatment. The British National Farmers Union claim they cannot be expected to use more humane methods as long as their market is spoilt by unrestricted imports from countries with their factory techniques.

Professor Elias makes the significant point that the justification for killing an animal depends on the motivation for, and the manner of, killing. The animal feels fear and pain intensely, and cannot "sublimate" it as man, with his "higher" organism, can. He himself considers it necessary, since animals and fish provide protein food, to kill for our own survival; and secondly, in self-defence, progress in medical, biological, and agricultural science depends on animal sacrifice. Not everyone will agree with him here, but his condemnation of the modern sports of hunting and fishing — as opposed to the hunting and fishing of primitive communities for essential food — is logically just. The sportsman kills for the pleasure, the sense of power that it gives him,

> pitting his superior intelligence, bodily agility and an arsenal of technology against defenceless animals who never meant harm to him. ... Children who grow up under such influences learn to disregard living creatures and life itself. The atrocities they are taught to commit to animals they soon are ready to condone if done to human beings, and in the end, they are prepared to commit them themselves.

It may be mentioned here that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is at present torn by conflict over "Field Sports" (called by their opponents "Blood Sports").

Further, *The Daily Telegraph* has been running a series of articles by Gitta Sereny, during July 1968, on the appalling cruelty to babies and children (especially by irresponsible parents) about which there is great concern at present. Here, too, is the same blind disregard towards living beings. We may try to cope with the symptoms of the disease, but only getting at the one root cause, ignorance and selfishness, will destroy the myriad ways in which it finds expression. For too many people the idea of "Universal Soul" in all beings is non-existent, or "a ridiculous notion," but only when it becomes a living reality is there hope of destroying the ignorance of selfishness.

Naseem Khan (*The Guardian,* 4 July 1968) relates a heartening story from New York's Lower East Side. Three Puerto Rican ex-rival-gang leaders started the " Real Great Society" after one of them, Chino Garcia, had been given by the police the choice of reform school or a year's voluntary exile in Puerto Rico. Awakened by seeing there another way of life, he was inspired to help Puerto Ricans in New York. Independent self-action is the keynote, with education as the way out of the ghetto — not orthodox schooling, but flexible free courses to meet individual needs — English and reading classes, arts, crafts, hygiene, karate, "anything they want." Funds were collected from donations and lecture tours; then grants provided a building; and the academic side became the free "University of the Streets." The "Theatre of Courage," jointly with New York University, is the latest venture. The proverb "Where there's a will there's a way" may seem platitudinous; yet cases like this show how true it is.

As this September issue goes to press, work is in progress on the printing of the issues for the rest of the year. We request our readers' indulgence for a short while until the journal returns to schedule.